

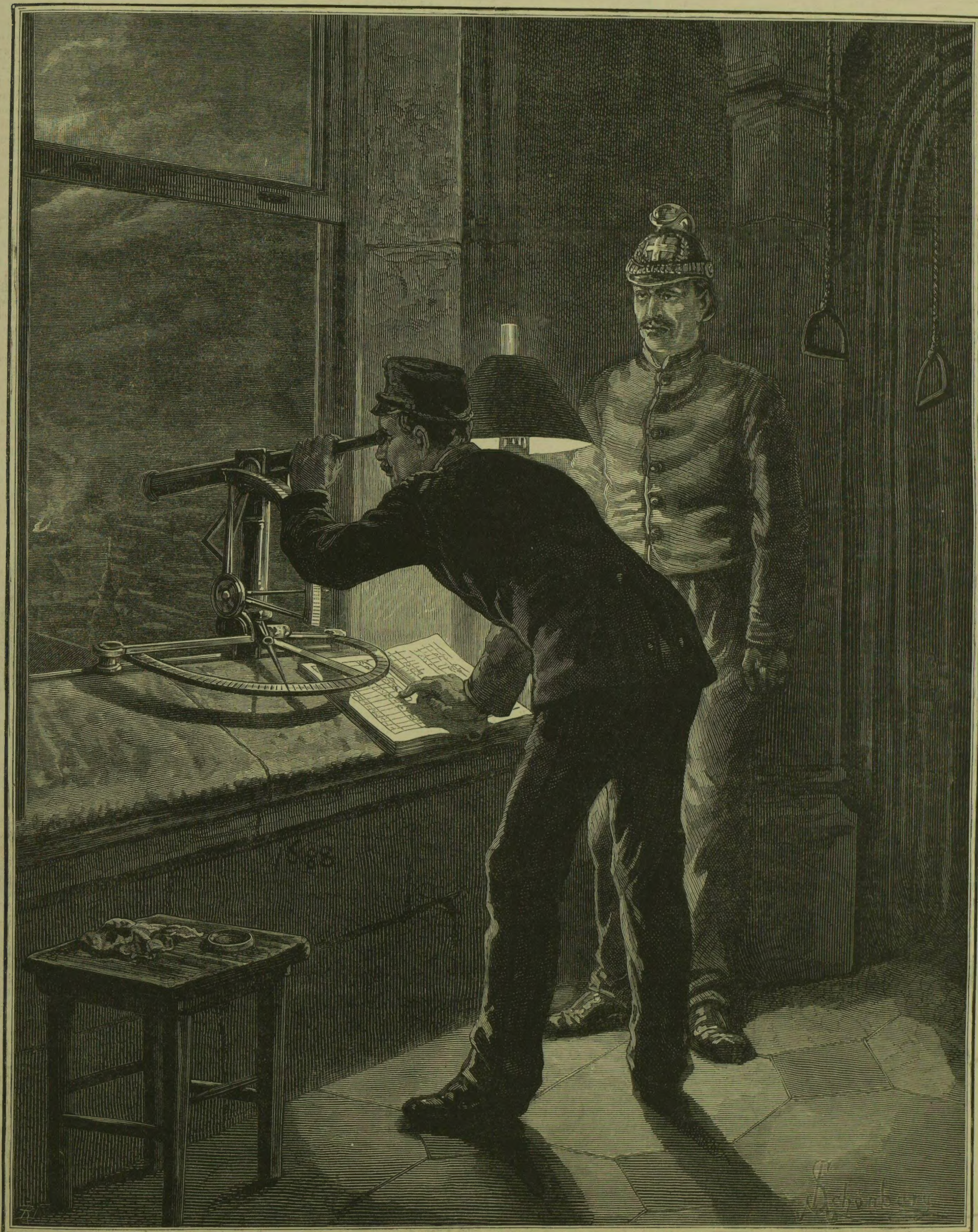
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2354.—VOL. LXXXIV.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



BURNING OF THE STADT THEATRE AT VIENNA: WATCHMAN IN ST. STEPHEN'S STEEPLE.

BIRTH.

On March 23, at her residence, Telemont Station, Flinders River, North Queensland, the wife of Sidney A. Harding, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 21st inst., at Grosvenor-street, the Dowager Lady Chesham.
On Sunday, the 25th inst., at her residence in Eaton-place, Jane, relict of the late Rev. Sir Henry R. Dukinfield, Bart., in her 89th year.
* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE
NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W.; Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 6 a.m.					
	Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°					
May 18	29.830	54.6	40.5	61	6	63.2	49.6	W. NNW.	WSW.		110	0.000
19	29.869	50.6	39.0	67	8	58.1	45.8	WSW.	E.		133	0.000
20	30.127	53.1	38.1	60	3	63.3	43.4	ESE.	WNW. SW.		157	0.000
21	30.387	54.0	39.3	60	1	67.5	37.6	SW.	SSW.		89	0.000
22	30.314	56.9	39.6	58	0	68.0	39.8	SSW.	E.		254	0.000
23	30.123	61.8	44.4	56	0	73.4	48.5	E.			259	0.000
24	29.886	62.9	46.2	57	1	76.9	47.7	E. ENE.			287	0.000

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:

Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.822	29.880	30.059	30.410	30.397	30.197	30.004
Temperature of Air	55.3°	51.3°	57.3°	58.4°	62.6°	63.8°	68.3°
Temperature of Evaporation	47.9°	49.3°	48.6°	49.3°	52.3°	50.6°	59.4°
Direction of Wind	NNW.	W.	SW.	SSW.	E.	E.	E.

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—EXTENSION OF TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS. For distances over Ten miles.
EXTRA TRAINS (First, Second, and Third Class) from London, on SATURDAY, MAY 31; Returning the following Monday and Tuesday.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.—Leaving London Bridge, 10.40 a.m. and 8 p.m.; Victoria, 10.30 a.m. and 7.50 p.m.; and Kensington, 10.15 a.m. and 7.15 p.m., SATURDAY, MAY 31; Returning from Paris any day up to and including June 13.
Fares—First Class, 30s.; Second Class, 27s.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.—CHEAP TRAINS. Saturday, May 31, to Havant and Portsmouth from Victoria 1.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 2.50 p.m.; and Kensington 12.45 p.m.; returning the following Monday and Tuesday.

WHIT SUNDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge 8 a.m., calling at New-cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, to Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth; returning the same day.

WHIT MONDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge and Victoria 7.30 a.m., to Havant and Portsmouth.
Return fares between London and Portsmouth Town and Havant, 7s. 6d., 5s.; Portsmouth Harbour, 8s., 5s. 6d.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARD'S.—A CHEAP TRAIN on WHIT SUNDAY from London Bridge 8.10 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

WHIT MONDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge 7.45 a.m., calling at New-cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; from Victoria 7.35 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from Liverpool-street 7.25 a.m., calling at all Stations on the East London Line.
Fare, there and back, 5s.

EASTBOURNE AND LEWES.—A CHEAP TRAIN on WHIT SUNDAY from London Bridge 8.10 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.
WHIT MONDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge 8 a.m., calling at New Cross and Croydon; from Victoria 7.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from Liverpool Street 7.25 a.m., calling at all stations on the East London Line.
Fare, to Eastbourne and back, 5s.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAINS from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. They Return Tickets, 10s.
SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on WHIT SUNDAY, MONDAY, and TUESDAY from London Bridge, calling at New-cross; from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.
Fare, there and back, 4s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New-cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington (Addison road), West Brompton, and Chelsea.

For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; Cook's Tourists' Office, Ludgate-circus; and Hays' Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill; where Tickets may also be obtained.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.
EXPRESS-TRAIN SERVICE FROM LONDON, EUSTON STATION,
To Carlisle and Scotland. Week Days only.

	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.
Euston
Carlisle
Edinburgh
Glasgow

EXPRESS AND FAST TRAINS LEAVE EUSTON FOR BIRMINGHAM at 5.15, 7.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.0 a.m.; 12.15 noon; 1.30, 2.30, 4.30, 5.15 p.m., and 12.0 Night Services under Three Hours. From EUSTON to MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL at 5.15, 7.30, 9.10, 10.10, 11.0 a.m.; 12.0 noon; 1.30, 2.45, 4.0, 5.15, 6.30, 9.35 p.m., and 12.0 night.
Express Services in 4½ Hours. First, Second, and Third Class by all Trains.

Corresponding Trains are run in the opposite direction; for particulars of which, and complete Train Service, see the L. and N.W.R. Co.'s Time Tables.
The TICKET OFFICES at EUSTON, BROAD STREET, KENSINGTON, and WILLESDEN JUNCTION will be OPEN throughout the Day, from MONDAY, MAY 25, to MONDAY, June 2, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain Tickets for any destination on the L. and N.W. Railway can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the Trains.

TICKETS can be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the principal Town and Retail Offices of the Company, and will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.
On SATURDAY, MAY 31, a SPECIAL EXPRESS-TRAIN, First, Second, and Third Class, will leave LONDON (Euston Station) at 4.20 p.m. for BIRMINGHAM, calling at Willesden Junction, Rugby, and Coventry only, and arriving at Birmingham (New-street) at 6.50 p.m.

The Express-Trains to and from the City, St. Albans, Watford, and Kensington, WILL NOT RUN on Whit Monday.
For further particulars see Special Notices issued by the Company.
Single-Horse Omnibuses sent on application to Hotels or Private Residences for the convenience to Euston Station of intending travellers.
Charges—For distances under six miles, One Shilling per mile; minimum, Three Shillings. For distances over six miles, or when Two Horses are used at the request of a passenger, One Shilling and Sixpence per mile.
Euston Station, May, 1884. G. FINDLAY, General Manager.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'

NINETEENTH ANNUAL WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT will commence
WHIT MONDAY, when an ENTIRELY NEW AND SPLENDID PROGRAMME will be given. Every Number, from the overture to the finale, will be performed for the first time.
All new Songs, Choruses, and Selections; all new Dances and Comic Sketches. New and important additions to the company, now numbering FIFTY ACCOMPLISHED ARTISTS.

SPECIAL DAY PERFORMANCES.

WHIT MONDAY.

WHIT TUESDAY.

WHIT WEDNESDAY.

Each Day at Three, Every Night at Eight.

Tickets and Plans can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees. No charge for programmes.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—WHIT MONDAY at Three and

Eight. WHIT TUESDAY at Three and Eight. WHIT WEDNESDAY at Three and Eight.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME.

The richest and best they have ever presented.

Every item from beginning to end entirely new, original, and of sterling excellence.

Doors open at Two and Seven. No fees of any description.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—FAIRLY PUZZLED. A New First Part, written by Oliver Brand, Music by Hamilton Clarke; after which an entirely New Musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled A LITTLE DINNER. Concluding with A DOUBLE EVENT, written by Arthur Low and Alfred Reed; Music by Corney Grain.—MORNING PERFORMANCES, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; EVENINGS, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office open Ten to Six. No charge for Booking. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Twice WHIT MONDAY, at Three and Eight.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr.

CHARLES WYNDHAM. At Nine o'clock, FOURTEEN DAYS (Last Night), with Mr. Charles Wyndham as Mr. Peregrine Porter. Preceded by, at Eight, NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS (Last Night). On MONDAY, June 2, THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE will be revived for Twelve Nights only, with Mr. Charles Wyndham as Geoffrey Gordon. Box Office open from Ten a.m. till Eleven p.m.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, until further notice, will be performed, at 8.15, a New Play in a prologue and three acts, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Conyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. Mr. Kyrie Bell, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. H. J. Lethcourt, Mr. Frank Rodney, Mr. L. S. Dewar, Mr. R. de Cordova, Mr. S. Caffray, Mr. Ashman, Mr. Harrgrave, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Vandeleur, and Mr. G. W. Anson. Miss Bruce Smith, Miss Tilbury, Miss Caroline Barker, Miss Aylward. New scenery by Messrs. Bruce Smith, W. Perkins, and W. B. Spong. Costumes by Harrison. Doors open 7.30, overture 8. Carriages, 11. No fees. Box-Office open daily from 11 to 5. Seats may be booked a month in advance.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager,

Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Mr. Henry Irving begs respectfully to announce that this SATURDAY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, will be presented by the Lyceum Company, Shakespeare's Comedy MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Benefited, Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily.—Lyceum.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 85, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commemorative CIGARETTES of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. The One Hundredth and First Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, PALL MALL EAST, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, PICCADILLY, W.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from Nine a.m. to Six p.m.

ADMISSION, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. Season Tickets, 5s. ALFRED EVERILL, Sec.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

Those who, looking at the inequalities of our social life—the squalid misery at the one extreme, and the lavish magnificence, not always associated with happiness, at the other—are inclined to despond, will do wisely to fix their eyes on the bright spots in the sombre picture. Underneath much fashionable and some spurious sentiment relative to the condition of the poor there is a marvellous awakening of the public conscience. In its own way, the West-End has learned to care for the East-End. Its sympathy is useful, though it can do no more than partially mitigate those mighty forces that regulate labour and capital, the growth of great cities, and the distribution of population. The “enthusiasm of humanity,” aroused by “The Bitter Cry,” is finding suitable channels in which it may beneficially flow. While the Royal Commission for inquiring into the housing of the poor is slowly accumulating evidence, remedial measures are not neglected. A Mansion House central committee, with some thirty branch committees, are inquiring, reporting, and advising in the several metropolitan districts with a view to cleanse and improve the dwellings of the abject poor, to enforce sanitary regulations, and to stimulate local vestries to the discharge of their duties.

Looking at the matter from another point of view, we find the Etonians and Harrovians supporting benevolent missions in the squalid districts of London, and Oxford graduates leaving all the charms of University life to settle down for a time in Whitechapel, in order to mix among their humble fellow-men, and by personal influence raise their lot and help them to help themselves. Stimulated by this example, many of the graduates and undergraduates of Cambridge met at the Guildhall of that city on Saturday last to initiate a similar movement; or, as Professor Seeley, who presided, said, “to throw themselves into the gulf between the rich and the poor, and undertake the solution of the momentous social question of the day.” By such means the lower strata of society are to be elevated, and the aspirations of men like Maurice, Kingsley, and Denison can, to some extent, be realised. It was the privilege of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, a student at Cambridge, to make his first public appearance on a platform where the two Universities joined hands in accepting a resolution to mitigate the wretchedness of the masses, and, as Prince Albert Victor said, to enforce the necessity of building up a healthy commonwealth, in which all classes should unite to better each other and elevate the whole. In identifying himself with this meritorious object, the young Prince is treading in the footsteps of his illustrious grandfather, the late Prince Consort, of his lamented uncle, the Duke of Albany, and of his honoured father, who is a conspicuous member of the Royal Commission referred to.

Spite of frequent votes of censure, veiled obstruction, and protracted discussions, that have become utterly wearisome to the public, our legislators have secured their usual Whitsuntide holiday. By adjourning on Tuesday they were enabled to evade the annual difficulty that presents itself in connection with the Derby Day. When the House of Commons meets next Thursday it will enter upon the third and most exacting period of the Session, and its labours will be aggravated—we cannot hope they will be curtailed—should the exhausting heat of a summer's sun succeed the present delightful spring weather. The legislative prospect, though not so gloomy as it might have been, is far from cheering. The Franchise Bill has, however, made unexpected progress during the past week. That the first three clauses should have passed through Committee is in part due to discordant views among the leading Conservatives on critical points, which have enabled the Government to recover their prestige and sustain their large

majorities. Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues, differing from the Fourth Party, decline to vote for any proposal that will hinder the Upper House from rejecting the bill altogether. As soon as this great measure is committed to the tender mercies of the peers, the London Government Bill will come on for second reading in the Commons; while neither the Shipping Bill, the Railway Bill, nor the proposals arising out of the Budget have advanced to that stage. To pass them all would, with the present tendencies of hon. members, require a Session prolonged to beyond August.

For at least six years, according to trustworthy reports, Ireland has not been in so tranquil a state as now. “There is scarcely a ripple on the surface of Irish politics at present,” we are told; “and even if the relief should prove to be only temporary, it is most welcome to all classes.” The great mass of the tenant farmers, thanks to the gradual operation of the Land Act, which has almost effected its primary object, do not care for continual agitation, and are said to listen with apathy to the counsels of their Nationalist leaders, and the returns of agrarian outrages have sunk to a normal scale. It is now the turn of the landlords of Ireland to complain. Their property is unsaleable in the open market, and the proprietors of the soil have been awaiting with anxious interest the promised measure of the Chief Secretary on the purchase of land, the provisions of which were explained on Tuesday. The scheme propounded by Mr. Trevelyan proposes to create a peasant proprietary in Ireland. For this object the State will be authorised to grant loans to tenant farmers for the purchase of their holdings to the extent of twenty millions sterling, and not exceeding a million in any one year. The tenants are to pay 3½ per cent interest, any deficiency in which is to be made good out of the local cess. This safeguard Mr. Parnell significantly refers to as “momentous.” The plan, although, as Mr. Trevelyan said, embodying an offer such as was never made by any State to any class of citizens, was favourably received by the House of Commons, and inasmuch as it is based upon the principle which underlay the scheme of Mr. W. H. Smith, indorsed by the Opposition leaders, and suits the interests of both landlords and tenants, it will no doubt be substantially accepted by Parliament.

Before rising for the holidays, Ministers in both Houses were severely catechised relative to the negotiations with France, on the result of which depends the holding of a Conference of the Powers for modifying the Egyptian Law of Liquidation—in other words, for reducing the interest on the debt. Both Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone were reticent as to the nature of pending communications, but they distinctly promised that the result should be submitted to Parliament “for the fullest discussion” before the Conference was convened. This, however, did not satisfy the Conservative leader in the Upper House. On the theory that the Government, in order to get out of their Egyptian troubles, were about to “yield up that country to the anarchy and confusion of a Multiple Control,” Lord Salisbury darkly expressed his objection to a long holiday. At Lord Granville's suggestion, made with a smile, it was reduced a week, and their Lordships will meet again on Monday week. It is surmised that our Foreign Minister has conceded to French susceptibilities the creation of an International Board of Control over Egyptian finance after our evacuation of the country, and that it has been further agreed that our occupation of the valley of the Nile shall last definitely for three years, but that it may be prolonged on a mandate from the Powers.

The scheme for making Manchester a port—which a few years ago was a dream, and was last year rejected by the Lords—received the approval of the Select Committee of that House at the close of last week, after a protracted struggle extending over forty-one days, and at an aggregate cost of £160,000. The stipulation that five millions of the required capital should be raised within three years was no difficulty to the merchant princes of Manchester. It was subscribed in two hours. Although the bill has yet to pass the ordeal of a Committee of the Commons, the opposition of the Mersey Dock Board and other great vested interests is hardly likely to be successful in a House which has already endorsed its object.

Although the news from the Soudan varies from day to day, it is distinctly more cheerful. The reported fall of Berber is contradicted, the place being only invested by local tribes, who have suspended hostilities on the engagement of the Governor to surrender the place if Khartoum falls. While the Mahdi remains quiet at Obeid, where his influence, for local reasons, is declining, General Gordon is hemmed in, not by the Pretender's troops, but by the tribes from Shendi; and if it be true that the Nile has begun to rise rapidly, our distinguished representative will soon be able to raise the siege by means of his armed steamers, and it will be possible ere long to send a flotilla up the river to his relief. Zebehr Pasha declares him to be in no danger whatever at Khartoum. Another favourable sign is the report of the Governor of Dongola—the telegraphic lines to that city being still intact—that he has gained a signal victory over the disaffected tribes in that region, and that many messengers have been dispatched to Khartoum. Although an expedition for the relief of General Gordon has been decided on in principle, its details will hardly be settled till the result of Admiral Hewett's mission to Abyssinia is known.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel has announced his intention of calling attention in Parliament at a date not yet fixed to the general condition, organisation, and management of the Royal Academy of Arts. Sir Robert is dissatisfied with the reply vouchsafed to him by Mr. Gladstone in the matter of the administration by the Academy of the Chantry bequest, of which the governing body are trustees. The Premier holds that the Academy stands "in some kind of relation to the Crown or to the State"; but what that relation is Mr. Gladstone is not prepared with precision to explain. Is the Right Hon. Gentleman prepared to explain anything with precision? Still Sir Robert Peel, like Mr. Toole in the burlesque, is "not happy"; the *dicta* of Sir Frederick Leighton in the case of "Belt v. Lawes" (once upon a time, in the county of Kilkeny, there were two cats) lie heavy on the soul of the member for Huntingdon, and he is anxious to soothe his perturbed spirit by a public investigation of the affairs of the Forty Art Benefactors of Burlington House and their Associates.

Well; of one thing we may be sure. There will be a mighty gathering of eager listeners in the House when the cry is in the lobby that "Peel is up" on the subject of the R. A. He will have plenty to say in condemnation of the Academy, no doubt; still, I imagine that most impartial critics will agree with me in the opinion that there is plenty to be said on the other side. Some of the proceedings of the Academy have been and still are, perhaps, wholly indefensible. The inordinate number of works which the Academicians and Associates are privileged to exhibit, to the detriment of capable outsiders; the exclusion of the artists not having academical rank, but who contribute more than three fourths of the works of art to the annual exhibitions, from any control over the vast sums which those exhibitions bring to the coffers of the Academy, and the enormous waste of money in the yearly banquets at Burlington House. These, and many more, are grievances which call loudly for reform. On the other hand, it may, with some cogency, be pleaded that, as a teaching body, the Royal Academy has, on the whole, done its work well and deserved the thanks of the country.

There remains, too, one very significant fact which may be cited in testimony of the claim of the Royal Academy to be considered both in the present and in the past as fairly representative of British art. Beyond the artists whom I shall presently name, how many really distinguished English painters have not been members or associates of the Royal Academy? George Morland, B. R. Haydon, the younger Pyne, Linnell, John Martin, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, J. Cave Thomas, Holman Hunt, E. Burne Jones. Are there any more painters of the first class who have not sought, or who have been denied, Academic honours? Hogarth died before the foundation of the Academy. Barry was expelled. It would be useful, in the interest of art, to inquire whether any considerable additions can be made to the list which I have given from memory; but, mind, the non-Academical painters must be artists undeniably of the first class. In that class I have placed Haydon, not because I have any very high admiration of his executive capacity as a painter, but because he was a vigorous teacher and exponent of art in its very highest form, and because he was, practically, the father of Schools of Design in this country.

"University Missions" to the East-End of London. An Eton Boy's mission to Hackney-wick. Excellent ideas. The "settlement" of persons of leisure, culture, and intelligence in outlying parts of the metropolis cannot possibly do harm, and may possibly effect an appreciable amount of good. Did not Mr. W. A. Bullock Hall take the social bull by the horns some years ago by becoming a member, if not the chairman, of a Board of Guardians in some metropolitan parish? But what is to be said of the curiously hardy statement made at a meeting of University men held at the Guildhall, Cambridge, by Mr. P. Lyttelton Gell? This gentleman, explaining in detail the scheme of the proposed new "settlement," pointed out that—

In East London more external aid was required than in other places, owing primarily to the fact that the social system had there broken down. He did not know whether it had occurred to them that the whole system of self-government in England was based upon the assumption of the existence of a leisured class, who could undertake the responsibilities which their more busy brethren could not enter upon, and could devote themselves to the welfare of the community in which they lived.

In what manner has "the social system" at the East-End of London "broken down"? Are there no parochial clergy, Vestries, Boards of Guardians, Lighting, Paving, and Burial Boards? It strikes me, first, that "the whole system of self-government" in English cities and towns, so far from being based on the "assumption" of the existence of any "leisurely class" whatsoever, is based on the very prosaic fact that the ratepayers elect the governing body of the parish; and that that body out of the City proper elect representatives to the Metropolitan Board of Works. It strikes me, in the second place, that, so far from the "more busy" inhabitants of the East-End parishes being either unwilling or unable to undertake the responsibilities connected with the administration of local government, the members of the vestry, of the Board of Guardians, and of the various committees springing therefrom, are, as a rule, the very busiest of the local tradesmen, and that with great public spirit and general efficiency they manage the affairs of their fellow-ratepayers and of the poor of their respective parishes. I should like to know whether anything is known at the offices of the Local Government Board about a "leisurely class."

Finally, it appears to me that it is the main business of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to study and teach theology, the classics, and mathematics; and that it is entirely a new departure in University practice to seek to meddle with the local government of the metropolis. Is there anything peculiar in the training of Professors and Fellows in great

schools of learning in two provincial towns which should fit them for the management of an East-End, or, for the matter of that, a West-End parish? The good which may possibly result from the "settlement" of University men in the outlying districts of London might be in their being able to learn much and unlearn more concerning metropolitan as distinguished from provincial life. Otherwise the University "settlement" and "mission" movement partakes slightly of the nature of a "fad."

Incited by the brightness and sultriness of the weather, I have taken the liberty of "popping over to Paris" for a few days, in the hope of finding the weather even brighter and hotter in Lutetia. (The first day of my stay, Sunday, the 24th, was a sad disappointment. We had a thunderstorm and a deluge of rain in the morning, and an uncertain afternoon. But the sun and the sultriness have returned with new vigour, and I am basking and happy. The trees on the Boulevard des Capucines are so tall and in such full leaf that they almost shut out the view of the distressingly modern buildings of the Grand Hôtel and Crédit Lyonnais type, and bring back to one's mind that wonderfully rural presentment of the Boulevards painted in 1814 by old Crome. I think that it was old Crome; but it is so good, once in a way, to be far away from your book-shelves.

I am aware of a literary vampire who collects nothing but titlepages and colophons, ruthlessly sacrificing the "inwards" of the books and periodicals which he purchases. He is a wealthy vampire. I know another bibliomaniac whose passion it is to accumulate only single numbers of periodicals which he has not hitherto come across. I am slightly inclined towards that species of *dementia* myself, and whenever I come to Paris I diligently hunt among the Boulevard kiosques for strange periodicals. The *Journal des Abrutis* and *Comic Finance* (what a truly funny affair was the Wall-street "crac"!) are old friends; but what do you think of a weekly journal called *L'Anti-Sémitique*? That I lighted upon yesterday. The "Anti-Jew"! And we are in the year of grace 1884; and France is the leader of European civilisation!

But I have stranger papers to tell of than *L'Anti-Sémitique*. I brought with me a bundle of *New York Herald*s for early morning and late night reading; and in one number of my transatlantic contemporary I found an article which excited in me the liveliest feelings of—well, I can scarcely say pleasure. Let us say interest. The article is headed "Fashions for the Dead. Life's Vanities perpetuated in the Costumes of the Grave. Adornments for Departed Beauty. Cerements of Rich Designs and Fabric. *Mother Hubbard's for tiny corpses.*" Incidentally, the writer of the article (Mr. Jay Ghoule, I should say) remarks that there are in the States trade journals specially devoted to the undertaking craft. "There are two quite notable ones with suggestive titles—the *Casket*, a well-printed eight-page paper, published in Rochester, and the *Shroud*, emanating from Chicago?" I must procure numbers of the *Casket* and the *Shroud*.

The *Herald* goes on to say that a late number of the *Casket*, tells of a New York State Exposition of the wares of funeral directors to be held at Rochester; it announces a summer meeting of the Ohio Association (of Ghoules?) has an article on "aesthetic burials," letters regarding embalming processes; a report on "Burial Permit troubles;" an account of "a pleasant social incident" at the close of a class in the School of Embalming, Philadelphia. Did the Embalmer-in-Chief pop the question to one of his fair pupils? Then Mr. Jay Ghoule proceeds to inform a pensive public that in the heart of New York City there is, among dozens of warehouses one where two hundred young girls sit, day after day, and week after week, stitching, quilling, pleating, "seam and gusset, and band," and singing as they do it cheerfully, as though their song were not the Song of the Shroud. Well; the gravedigger in "Hamlet" sang at his work, and dispatched his subordinate to fetch a stoup of liquor. But what do you say to this?—

One of the "robes" which the reporter saw, folded in its box, was of fine, cream-tinted cashmere, made like a *matinée* or tea-gown, the front traversed by diagonal folds of satin, the same shade and "rucheings"; quillings of the same extended from the shoulders to the knees, below which were pleated flounces. The sleeves were fully trimmed; and the robe was entirely ready for wear, with its fine, full "crêpe lisse rucheings" at throat and wrists. A carelessly knotted sash of ribbon confined the robe. This cost only twenty-five dollars.

I like "crêpe lisse rucheings." After this, will any sociologist deny that the manners of the modern Americans are distinctly original and peculiar? The only philosophical *raison d'être* that I can suggest for the existence of such papers as the *Casket* and the *Shroud*, and for the description of "Funeral Fashions" in the style of *Myra's Journal* and the *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*, is that there exists in the United States a large and rapidly increasing class of persons who have a great deal more money than they know how to spend with comfort to themselves or with benefit to others. The wealthiest of Englishmen (when he is not a hare-brained spendthrift) is, after a manner, frugal. He looks ahead. It is his ambition to be the founder of a new family, or to rehabilitate the prestige of an old one. He buys an estate, or rebuilds an old manor house. He charges his fortune with provisions for his sons and dowries for his daughters. He seeks to live and be remembered in the future.

With the wealthy American, I take it, the case is altogether different. He lives essentially in the present. If he is not a gambler in stocks, and liable at any moment to be ruined, "lock, stock, and barrel," he finds that after all his outlay on trips to Europe, purchases of pictures by Meissonier and Bouguereau, Shakespeare folios, Elzevir classics, Grolier bindings, and bric-à-brac innumerable; yachting, trotting, and philanthropy, that he still has a great deal more money than he can conveniently get rid of. "Never marry a rich man's daughter," I used to hear it said when I first went

to America. "The old man won't part with a cent when the girl marries, and he will probably smash up before he dies." But while he has money he will spend it freely, even on the benediction of "caskets" and the gewgaws of the grave. I wish that some intelligent and impartial American would tell me whether I am wrong on this matter. But the "Fashions for the Dead" article, as a curiosity of modern civilisation, has "fetched" me to an unusual extent.

Mem.: As regards "Fashions for the Living," the almost universal head-gear for ladies in Paris seems to be a hat with a conical crown (almost a "Fra Diavolo"), and profusely adorned with ribbons or feathers. The "Devonshire" or "Gainsborough" hat seems to have gone out, for the time, entirely. Among bonnets, properly so called, I notice several silver ones—that is to say, of gauze thickly embossed with foliage embroidered in silver. One of the papers is publishing a novel in its *feuilleton* called, "La Dame au Corset d'Argent." Well; if they are to have silver bonnets, why not silver stays? Another little *truc*, which seems to be very prevalent (but this is probably an old fashion revived) is a veil with a pattern of minute red spots and a very narrow red edging. This is highly popular with ladies with very pale complexions. A truly ingenious substitute for rouge; but I like the real thing—at a distance.

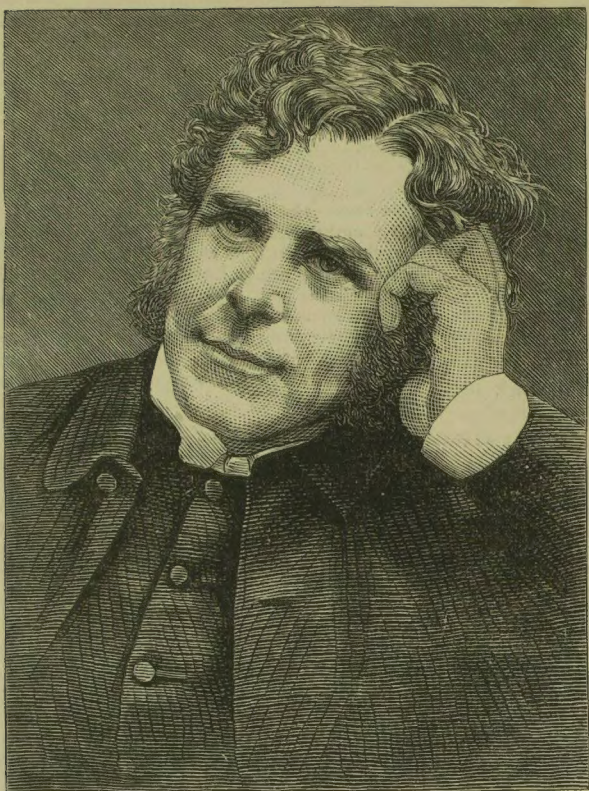
"E. H." (Highgate-road) is a lover of his species. He writes—"You say, 'I had rather now find a medicine that can ease asthma.'" He proceeds to direct my attention to a magazine in which there is an article entitled, "All About Asthma, by a Family Doctor," giving plain and simple remedies. If my obliging correspondent had taken the trouble to read carefully that which I wrote in this regard he would have found that it was not I, in the year 1884, but one Samuel Johnson, LL.D., who, a hundred years ago, was anxious to find a medicine that would ease an asthma. Personally, I am acquainted with many palliatives for the distressing complaint in question. When it is spasmodic, and to all seeming you have swallowed a steam-launch at the highest pressure, I have usually found that the smoking of a very fine, full-flavoured regalia (Flor de Tomas Gutierrez is my "straight tip") will temporarily knock the spasm on the head. In acute bronchitis, get some touch-paper, set it in a saucer and set fire to the paper. If that does not give you relief (after half blinding you) I know not what will. An old naval remedy, the lighted touch-paper one, I should say. I shall always bless a surgeon at Southsea who thus subjected me to the action of "villainous" saltpetre (in this case beneficent) years ago. Or, by a syrup made from a decoction of fir-cones. A doctor at Marseilles gave me such a potion, with surprisingly good effect.

If suddenly, without the slightest apparent provocation, in the warmest and sunniest weather in May or June, you are apt to feel feverish, and shortly afterwards to sneeze violently, say fifty or seventy-five times in succession, and subsequently to be distressed by symptoms now resembling those of asthma and now those of catarrh, you will read with much sympathetic interest a just-published pamphlet (Churchill) which I have brought to Paris with me, called "Hay Fever: its Etiology and Treatment," being the substance of a lecture delivered at the London Hospital Medical College by Dr. Morell Mackenzie. The learned physician, who is so great an authority on diseases of the throat, gives us some very curious and useful information respecting "Hay Fever," or Hay Asthma, Pollen Catarrh, or Rose Catarrh, as the variously named *malaise* is called—the complaint of which we do not die, but which makes us for the moment (so chronically discontented are we) sick of life.

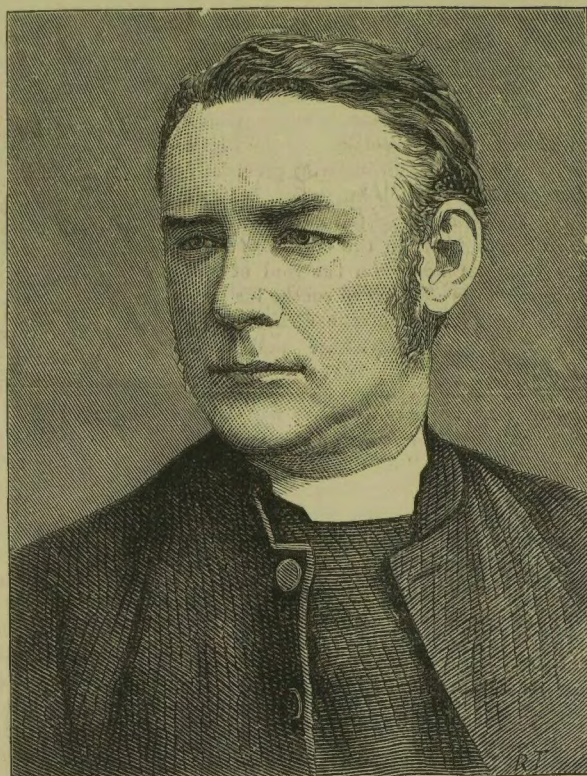
Hay Fever is, as a rule, only prevalent during the season when grasses and flowers are in blossom. It is either, comparatively speaking, a modern disease, or was overlooked in "the good old times." A large proportion of the sufferers are of highly strung, nervous temperament. It is a "race" complaint, and the English and the Americans are almost its exclusive victims. It is more common in the south of England than in the north, and in the Scottish Highlands it is extremely rare. In America it occurs in nearly every State, diminishing in frequency towards the South. One of the most singular features of the complaint is that it is almost wholly confined to persons of some education and a fair social position, and that it is distinctly influenced by sex—many more men than women suffering from it. It appears to be hereditary.

If you are subject to Hay Fever, the best thing you can do in "pollen time" is, according to Dr. Morell Mackenzie, to go to sea. If you cannot go to sea repair to the seacoast. If that would be inconvenient, and you are a dweller in the country, abide for a season in the middle of a large town. Leave the house as seldom as possible, and, when you do go out, "put your head in a bag." For male patients Dr. Mackenzie recommends that the bag, of "three-ply" fine silk gauze, should be open at both ends, one end fitting round the hat, while the other has attached to it a heavy wire ring, about ten inches in diameter, which lies on the shoulders and keeps the veil off the face. Never mind if you are occasionally mistaken for the "veiled Prophet of Khorassan," or for a peripatetic wire-gauze meat-safe. Better to "put your head in a bag" than to sneeze your head off, so to speak. Read Dr. Morell Mackenzie.

Also did I bring with me a very modest, earnest, painstaking "Study of the Character of Lady Macbeth," published by Messrs. Wyman, and written by Miss M. Leigh-Noel, a young lady who is not only a conscientious and appreciative Shakespearean student, but has herself essayed the impersonation on the stage of some of Shakespeare's heroines. Very truly does Miss Leigh-Noel, in her preface, speak of the guilty wife of the Thane of Cawdor as "a wonderful woman." Miss Noel's view of Lady Macbeth's nature is that it was "noble, though warped," and that, "having devoted itself to a beloved and absorbing object, it could allow no bar or hindrance in its efforts to attain the desired end." I remember, in a discussion on "Macbeth," many years ago, that an apologist for the bloodguilty Queen remarked that those who so unsparingly denounced her, forgot the savagery and barbarousness of the time in which she lived. "Ay; but," objected a distinguished German critic, who was present, "all savage and barbarous as was the time, Macbeth was sufficiently polished to be sensible that it was a very mean and ungentleman-like act to cut the throat of an old gentleman who was at once his sovereign, his kinsman, and his guest. In all ages women have been proportionately milder than men." But the German critic got his answer at once in the reminder—"The Mannings." George Frederick Manning was Macbeth, Maria Manning, Lady Macbeth. She was the active, he the passive fiend. "I never liked him," he observed, apologetically, just prior to his execution; "so I finished him off with a ripping chisel." But it was Lady Maria Manning Macbeth who had plotted and who had begun the finishing off of Patrick O'Connor, the moneyed exciseman. G. A. S.



THE RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER,
NEW BISHOP OF RIPON.



THE REV. HENRY T. EDWARDS, M.A.,
LATE DEAN OF BANGOR.



THE LATE LIEUT. ALFONSO CAVALIERI,
KILLED AT EL TEB.



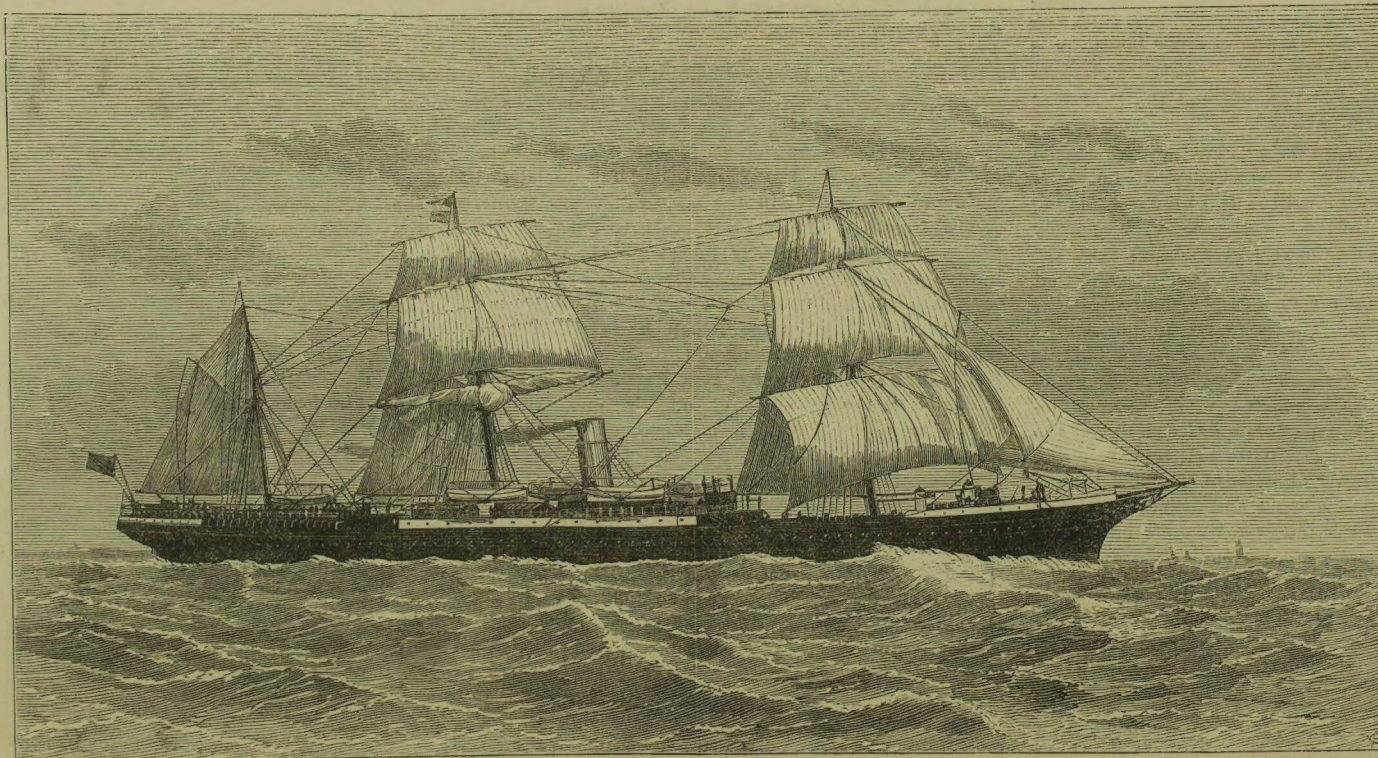
PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.
BY F. J. WILLIAMSON, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



THE LATE MIDHAT PASHA,
EXILED GRAND VIZIER OF TURKEY.

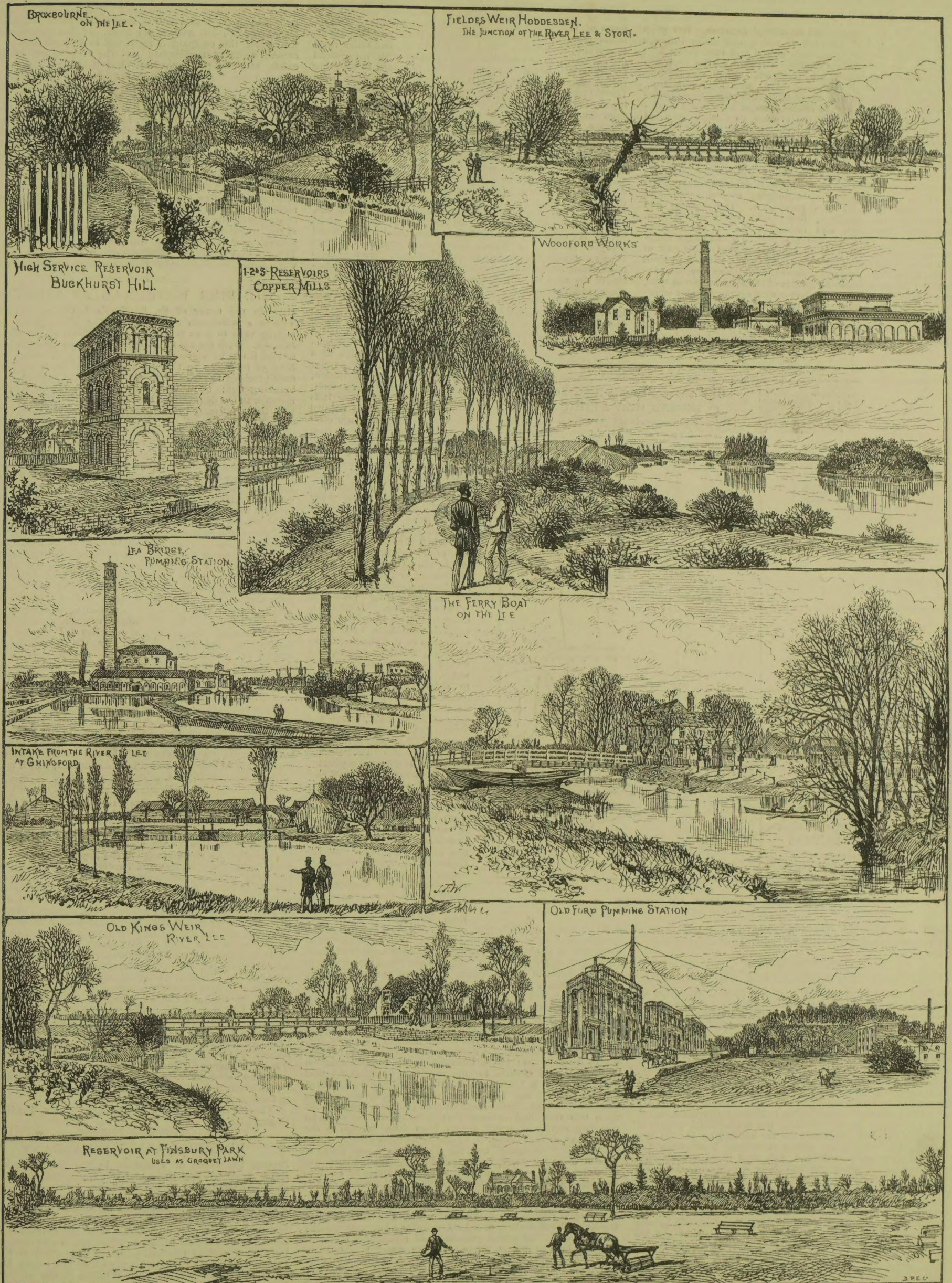
THE RUAPEHU.

The New Zealand Shipping Company has performed the great service of establishing a direct service of steamships between England and New Zealand. Previously to the commencement of its operations, at the beginning of last year, steam-ship passengers, by the Orient Line, had to go to Australia, and to change ships at Melbourne or Sydney. They may now save a week or more by going out in this Company's noble vessels, the British King, the Ionic, the Tongariro, the Ruapehu, and the Aorangi, to Wellington, to Canterbury, or to Auckland. The Ruapehu, of which we give an illustration, has just made



THE STEAM-SHIP RUAPEHU, OF THE NEW ZEALAND SHIPPING COMPANY.

the run home to Plymouth in the shortest time on record, thirty-seven days, twenty hours, forty minutes actual steaming time, under the command of Captain W. Crutchley. On the outward passage, she ran to Hobart, Tasmania, in thirty-eight days fifteen hours. The Ruapehu is a similar vessel to the Tongariro, and was built, in 1883, at Glasgow, by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. She is constructed throughout of mild steel, is barque-rigged, and has a cut-water stem. Her masts and yards are of steel, and she carries a large spread of canvas. Her dimensions are—Length between perpendiculars, 380 ft.; length over all, 410 ft.;



LONDON WATER SUPPLY: THE EAST LONDON COMPANY'S WATERWORKS.

breadth of beam, 46 ft.; depth of hold, 32 ft. Her gross tonnage is 4162, and her net 2754. She is divided into eight water-tight and fireproof compartments, and has three decks; the upper ones are of steel, and are sheathed with teak and pine. She has a very large bridge deck 160 ft. in length, under which are the engine-room and boiler casings, cook's galleys, bakery, officers' and engineers' quarters. Her poop is a short one, with rounded oversides, and under this are bath-rooms, lavatories, smoking saloon and card-room, with quarters for the ship's servants. Forward of the poop is a promenade or shade deck, which extends 115 feet, and takes up the whole breadth of the vessel. This, with the bridge deck, is devoted to the exclusive use of the saloon passengers. Under the after deckhouse are the saloon, a social hall, and a music-hall, with a state-room for the captain, very tastefully fitted up. On the forepart of the bridge the chart and wheelhouse is situated, and over these a hurricane bridge, from which orders are telegraphed to the engine-room and after wheelhouse. She carries a lighthouse tower on each side of the fore-castle, which affords great facility for lighting and trimming the regulation light in any weather. The Ruapehu is fitted to carry eighty saloon, eighty second cabin, and three hundred third-class passengers. Her saloons and state-rooms are excellent, fitted with every convenience. beautifully furnished, and lighted with the incandescent electric light. Extreme care has been devoted to the ventilating, sanitary, and lighting arrangements of every part of the vessel. In accordance with Lloyd's rules, she carries seven boats, all of large size, slung above the bridge and promenade-decks. Her steam steering gear is of the most improved type, and is fitted aft in the wheel-house with connections for steering her from the bridge, while as a further precaution against accident she has a very powerful double wheel, with a screw steering apparatus, on the poop-deck. She has two of Haslam's refrigerating engines, the Ruapehu being largely

THE LONDON WATER SUPPLY.

THE EAST LONDON COMPANY.

We have given some account of the establishment of the New River Company, founded by Sir Hugh Myddelton in the reign of King James I., now supplying all the central and northern parts of London between Shoreditch and the Regent's Park, mainly from the river Lea and from wells in the neighbourhoods of Amwell, Hoddesdon, Cheshunt, Southgate, and other rural districts north of the metropolis. The water of the Hampstead and Highgate ponds is applied by this company to watering the streets. The New River water is taken by more than 140,000 houses; but fewer than 20,000, by the latest official report, avail themselves of the constant supply system, direct from the main, instead of an intermittent filling of house cisterns. This is a question bearing materially upon the justice of any complaints by London householders of the dingy appearance of the water from their private cisterns. The New River Company—by far the largest as well as the oldest of the eight Companies in London—has expended, from first to last, three millions and a half sterling on its works. Its ordinary share capital is two millions, and it has issued debentures to the amount of a million and a quarter, at four per cent interest. Its annual receipt of water rates is about £460,000, and the net profit £230,000 a year. The quality of its water is reported by Professor Frankland, the official analyst, to be "in nearly every case superior to that of any Company drawing from the Thames." We may here notice some interesting considerations of the different characters of the sources of water-supply available in London and other populous towns.

The natural sources, in general, may be either of three kinds, river water, spring water, or rain water. The last is available, in immense quantity and at all seasons, only where there is a range of rocky hills at a convenient distance, and a reservoir can be found or constructed among the hills at a high level, from which the water may descend by gravitation, through pipes or by an aqueduct, to the town or city where it is wanted. In default of natural lakes, such reservoirs are constructed by forming a dam across some ravine or narrow valley, traversed by a rain-stream, in the upland country; and the cost of this work, though great, is less than that of continually pumping water from the low level of rivers or wells. Pure "soft" water, accumulated in lakes or reservoirs with a bed of rock, is not always the most palatable to drink, but is the best for making tea or cooking, or for washing, and is indispensable for brewing, and for manufacturing processes, such as dyeing. London is denied this advantage; the neighbouring hills, both north and south of the Thames, being of chalk, which is porous, and would not form reservoirs of water. London can have water to drink, but not good for manufacturing purposes. Let us compare its situation with that of Manchester, where the Town Council has profitably expended £3,350,000 in bringing the finest water from the Derbyshire hills, twenty miles distant, and is about to draw an additional supply from Thirlmere, in Cumberland. This water, which is sold by Manchester to neighbouring towns, is not only wholesome for domestic use, but valuable for the local industries, and the business of providing its supply contributes to the revenues of the Manchester Corporation. Bradford, in like manner, by drawing good hill country water from Haworth and Wharfedale, makes a yearly profit of £73,000, and keeps up the superiority of its woollen manufactures. Other great towns of the North of England, and of Scotland, have made good use of the natural water privileges afforded by the geological structure of those parts of Great Britain. Liverpool has drawn water, hitherto, from near the fine summit called Rivington Pike, above Bolton, but is now spending two millions for an additional supply from Vyrnwy, in North Wales. Glasgow, it is well known, has drawn upon Loch Lomond. The idea of bringing water to London from the sources of the Severn, or the sides of Plinlimmon, a distance of 180 miles in a straight line, was seriously entertained a quarter of a century ago. It was the opinion of the Royal Commission of Inquiry that no such measure is needful for the provision of tolerably good drinking water in London; and it is far from being admitted that the Thames and Lea waters, when properly filtered, are unfit for drinking. Some eminent scientific men indeed insist upon this view, and demand that there should be a special drinking supply of water drawn from deep springs in the chalk, such as that furnished by the West Kent Company, the Colne Valley Company, and the Tottenham Local Board of Health. All river water, from rivers flowing through extensive meadows where cattle are kept, is liable in times of flood to be largely contaminated with organic animal matter, as well as decayed vegetable matter, not to mention the sewage contributions of many towns higher up the river. But, in the broad open stream of a river, freely exposed to the air and to the light, the admixture of organic substance becomes speedily decomposed. The actual proportion of albuminoid ammonia existing in a gallon of filtered Thames water is about the weight of a pin's head, and "would not poison anybody drinking, if it were prussic acid or strychnine." None of the London water companies' water, to the best of our belief, is really unwholesome, though it is not so good for all purposes as that obtained by other towns in a more favourable situation. All that comes from the rivers is now more or less filtered; but the efficacy of this process often depends on a previous "settling" and depositing the particles of clay or mud, which after heavy floods is apt to be difficult.

The East London Company, established in 1806, ranking next to the New River Company, has an ordinary share capital of nearly £1,700,000, and has raised nearly £400,000 by debentures. Its net profits in 1883 were £124,708. It receives in water-rates annually £238,000, supplying water to 142,839

houses, of which the greater proportion, namely 106,043 houses, get a constant supply from the main. The principal source of supply is the river Lea; but an auxiliary supply, not to exceed ten million gallons daily, may be drawn from the Thames at Sunbury, by pipes laid jointly with the Grand Junction Company. The estimated population actually served by this company is one million, consuming water annually at the rate of 33 1-5th gallons per head. In the assessment of water-rate, the company is restricted to five per cent on the annual value of the house; and the rent, where no lease exists, and no premium has been paid, is taken as the annual value. An extra charge is made for high service, and on houses above a certain rental. The company's dominion comprises all Whitechapel, Bethnal-green, St. George's-in-the-East, Mile-end, Stepney, Poplar, and Limehouse, North Woolwich, Bow, Stratford, Hackney, and the adjacent north-east districts. The works of the East London Company include eight large reservoirs at Walthamstow, having an aggregate area of 220 acres, and holding six hundred million gallons of unfiltered water; a reservoir at Hanworth, and six covered storage reservoirs for filtered water, situated at Old Ford, Woodford, Hanworth, and Hornsey-wood. The filtering-beds, at Lea Bridge, extend over twenty acres, and the filtering medium is three feet and a half thick. The subsidiary source of supply on the banks of the Thames at Sunbury is not used to the full extent, as the Lea is able to yield this company, in general, a supply exceeding thirty-five million gallons daily. The Sunbury pumping establishment is marked by its lofty water tower, overlooking the race-ground of Kempton Park.

THE FIRE WATCHMAN AT VIENNA.

High in the tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral Church at Vienna a watchman appointed by the Municipality keeps nightly vigil to scan the surrounding extent of the city and suburbs. With the aid of his apparatus, a spy-glass, mounted so that it can be elevated or turned in any direction, and a book of reference to the different points, he is enabled at once precisely to ascertain the locality of any fire that he sees breaking out; upon which he gives the alarm, sending a message to the directors of the Fire Brigade. On Friday, the 16th inst., but early in the evening, he perceived smoke rising from the building of the Stadt Theatre. The firemen were sent thither, and entered the building, which was vacant and shut up, as the evening performance had not yet commenced. Entering by the stage door, they at first saw nothing amiss, though there was a strong smell of smoke; but when they opened the doors leading into the body of the house, going beyond the stage, flames were seen bursting forth in the boxes and galleries above and below. The hose of the fire-engines were brought in, and streams of water poured on the burning parts, while some of the brigade mounted to the roofs of the adjoining houses, and in the same manner attacked the conflagration at the top; but in a few minutes, in spite of their efforts, the roof of the theatre was on fire. It was impossible to ascend the staircases to the upper galleries, where the woodwork afforded plenty of fuel to the increasing flame. The iron curtain separating the stage from the auditorium was let down, and for more than an hour preserved the stage and all that side of the building intact, but this also was ultimately destroyed. The roof having fallen in, the whole interior seemed like a huge furnace, from which showers of sparks were thrown up and were carried by the wind over the houses in the neighbourhood; but efforts were successfully made to prevent these taking fire. Nothing in the theatre was saved; but as there was no loss of life, this disaster is not to be compared with the terrible calamity of Dec. 9, 1882, when the Ring Theatre was burnt during an opera performance, and hundreds of the audience perished by the most frightful death. The actors and actresses, and others employed in the Stadt Theatre, who are suddenly deprived of their expected earnings for the season, have been regarded with generous sympathy by the Viennese public, and a subscription has been raised for their benefit, which is likely to prevent much distress.

THE NEW BISHOP OF RIPON.

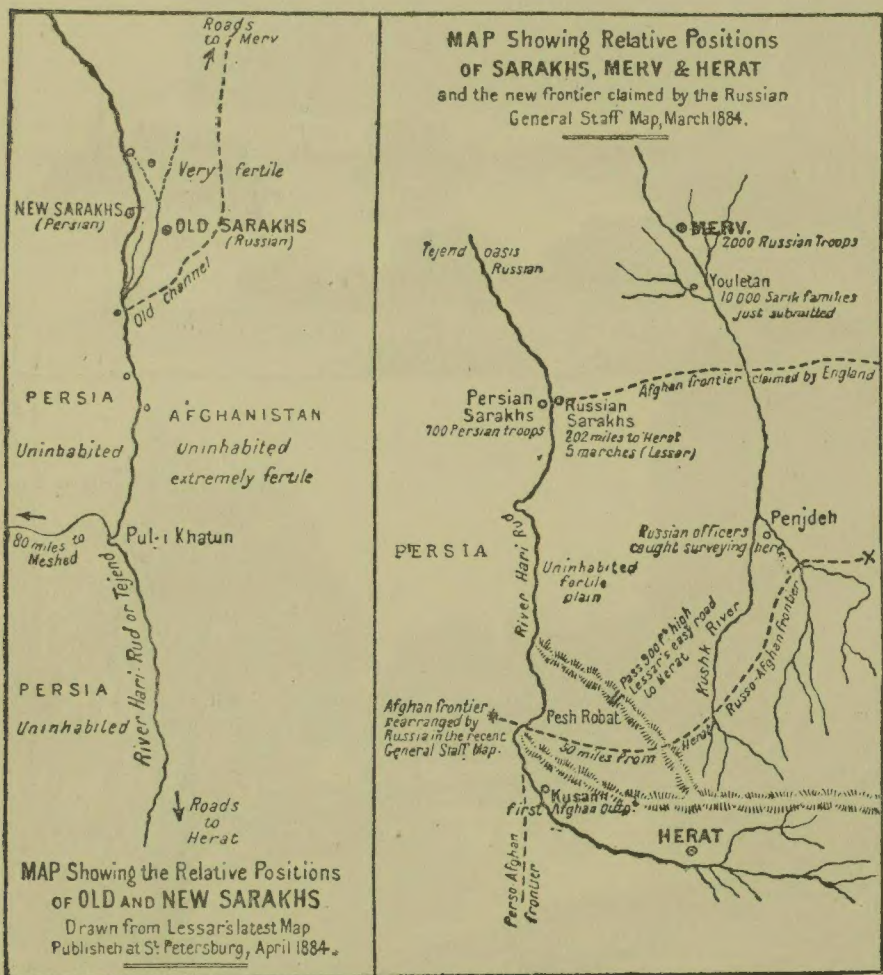
The new Bishop of Ripon, the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, late Canon of Windsor, was born at Liverpool in 1841, being son of the Rev. Henry Carpenter, Incumbent of St. Michael's, in that city. He was educated at the Royal Institution, Liverpool, under the Rev. Dawson Turner, and graduated at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, where he came out as a Senior Optime in 1864. In that year he was ordained to the curacy of Maidstone by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Longley), the first occupant of the see of Ripon, who admitted him to the priesthood. Two years later he became Curate of St. Paul's, Clapham, and in 1867 Curate of Trinity Church, Lee, Kent. In 1870 he became Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, where he made his reputation as a preacher and organiser. Nine years later he was appointed Incumbent of Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, and a Chaplain to the Queen and to the Bishop of London. In 1882 he was nominated to one of the Canons' stalls in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. In 1878 he was the Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, having previously filled the office of Select Preacher at Cambridge, and this year discharged a like duty at Oxford. He has for many years been honorary chaplain to the London Diocesan Lay Helpers' Association. He is author of some contributions to Bishop Ellicott's "New Testament for English Readers," and of several minor works and sermons. He has been a frequent preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and at other churches in London.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, of Regent-street.

PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.

Among the works of sculpture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, this little half-recumbent marble statue of an infant child, sent to the Exhibition by command of her illustrious grandmother, our Queen, who must feel the more affectionate interest in its subject on account of the father's lamented and still recent death, has attracted special notice. Princess Alice of Albany, named after the beloved Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, whose loss is also mourned by the Queen and by the nation, is the only child of the late Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, and of the young Duchess of Albany; and was born at Windsor Castle on Feb. 25, 1883, so that she is now fifteen months old. The full complement of names belonging to this sweet little bud of Royal womanhood is Alice Mary Victoria Augusta Pauline. The sculptor, Mr. F. J. Williamson, of Esher, has been very successful in his treatment of this charming subject.

There was opened on Tuesday, at Maryport, Cumberland, with some ceremony, a new dock with an area of fifty-four acres, which has been provided at a cost exceeding two hundred thousand pounds. It was named the Senhouse Dock, after the Lady of the Manor.



THE RUSSIAN ANNEXATION OF SARAKHS.

used for the carrying of frozen meat. The vessel's engines are compound surface-condensing inverted cylindrical, of 4000-horse power.

THE RUSSIAN ANNEXATION OF SARAKHS.

Political and military students of the present condition of Central Asia have directed attention to the importance of the most recent acquisition of the Russian Empire; that of Sarakhs, on the frontier of the Persian province of Khorassan, near the frontier of Afghanistan. It is, on the map, about sixty miles south-west of Merv, and a hundred and sixty north-west of Herat, and is situated on the river Tejend; which, according to Stanford's "Compendium of Geography, Asia," edited by Sir Richard Temple, "offers the most accessible approach from Turkestan to Herat." An attempt has been made to lessen the apparent importance of the transfer of "Old Sarakhs" from Persian to Russian dominion, which was announced in the *Kavkas*, the semi-official paper of Tiflis, on the 26th ult.; but we are assured by Mr. Charles Marvin, the well-known author of several books upon the Russian movements in Central Asia, that there is absolutely no difference between Old and New Sarakhs in strategical value. Mr. Marvin urges the necessity of ordering an immediate delimitation of the Afghan frontier in proximity to Sarakhs, to be conducted by British officers. He received this week, from Russia, Lessar's new map of the locality, showing the position of the two Sarakhs, which will be very serviceable to the pending discussions in Parliament and the press. We are indebted to Mr. Marvin for the accompanying sketch-maps drawn by his own hand, by which the topography and geography of the subject may be the more easily understood.

The half-yearly general court of Governors of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, which is under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and is situate at Russell-hill, Purley, near Croydon, was held at the Guildhall Tavern, Gresham-street. Mr. Charles J. Leaf occupied the chair. The report of the managing committee showed a total receipt for the half-year of £3899, and expenditure £3672. The health of the establishment had been excellent, with a few exceptions, which were not of a serious nature. At present there are about 200 children on the register.



CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

“CONSULTING THE ORACLE.”

This picture, by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, has been admired by many visitors to the Royal Academy Exhibition. Its subject is taken from a passage in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, under the head of “Teraphim,” referring to a superstitious custom which prevailed among the idolatrous nations of Syria; “the workers with familiar spirits, and the wizards, and the images, and the idols, and all the abominations that were spied in the land,” being repeatedly mentioned in the Book of Samuel, and in the Books of Judges and Kings. The word “Teraph,” in the Syriac language, means the answerer of questions, or an oracle. We learn from the Dictionary of the Bible, above referred to, that “the makers of Teraphim slaughtered a man who was a first-born, cut off his head, salted it, and cured it with spices and oil. After this, they wrote the name of an impure spirit, and sentences of divine purport, on a golden plate, which they placed under the tongue of the head: it was then fastened to the wall, and lighted lamps were placed before it, and they knelt down in front of it in adoration, upon which the tongue began to utter divinations.” There are one or two more short descriptions of the Teraphim, under the same heading, one of which says that “the Teraphim were human figures, by which the imaginations of diviners was so excited that they supposed that they heard a low voice speaking future events.” Mr. Waterhouse has treated this scene with much power of dramatic grouping, attitude, and expression; while both the arrangement of his composition and the effect of his rich and brilliant colouring make the picture one of high artistic merit. It has been purchased by Mr. Henry Tate, of Park-hill, Streatham, by whose permission it is copied for the engraving we present as an Extra Supplement this week.

THE LATE DEAN OF BANGOR.

The death, last Saturday, of the Very Rev. H. T. Edwards, Dean of Bangor, has occasioned much regret. He was a son of the late Vicar of Llangollen, and brother of the Head Master of Llandoverly College. He was in his forty-eighth year. Born at Llanymawddwy, Merionethshire, he was educated at Westminster School, and at Jesus College, Oxford, taking his B.A. degree in 1860, and M.A. in 1870. He was ordained deacon by the Bishop of St. David's, and priest by the Bishop of St. Asaph in 1861. He remained as his father's curate until 1866, when he was promoted to the charge of Aberdare, South Wales. In 1869 he was preferred to the Vicarage of Carnarvon by the late Bishop of Chester, and continued there until his elevation to the Deanery of Bangor, in 1876. The late Dean was an able preacher both in English and Welsh, and was the author of several English and Welsh publications, “The Church of the Cymry,” which he dedicated to Mr. Gladstone; and a Welsh homiletical commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. He took a leading part in several Church Congresses, also at Church Defence meetings, and was one of the most prominent supporters and active representatives of the Church of England Temperance Society. He laboured for the improvement of Higher Education in Wales, and energetically supported the claims of Bangor as the site for the North Wales College.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, of Regent-street.

LIEUTENANT ALFONSO CAVALIERI.

One of the European officers killed with the Egyptian force commanded by Baker Pasha, which was defeated by the Arabs of the Eastern Soudan in the first battle of El Teb, on Feb. 4, was an Austrian, Lieutenant Alfonso Cavaliere. He was born at Gorizia, in the Adriatic provinces, in 1862; entered the Austrian army and served with distinction through the Herzegovina and Bosnia campaign. His services were recognised by promotion to a lieutenancy in the Duke of Cumberland Regiment, together with a certificate of honourable mention. His desire for active service led him to offer his sword to Baker Pasha, then preparing to advance into the Soudan, and his high testimonials and evident fitness obtained him a Captain's command. At the battle of El Teb he had fought single-handed through a knot of Arab spearmen, and was at the head of his men, cheering them on to attack, when they in their blind terror, firing wildly in any direction, shot him as he stood. His body was afterwards found and identified, together with those of Dr. Leslie and Morice Bey. A very deep feeling of commiseration and regret was felt by the English residents in Trieste on receipt of the news of his untimely end.

THE LATE MIDHAT PASHA.

The death of this Turkish statesman, who was Grand Vizier a year or two before the last great war between Turkey and Russia, and who devised and instituted the short-lived Parliament of the Turkish Empire, was lately announced. About three years ago, he was condemned to exile for life upon the incredible charge of having been an accomplice in the supposed murder of the Sultan Abdul Aziz, in 1876. He was a native of Constantinople, the son of a civil judge, and was trained in the official service of Government. He was employed on special administrative missions in the Asiatic provinces, in Roumelia, and in Bulgaria, and he afterwards visited several European capitals, with some idea of studying constitutional reforms. On his return various improvements were made in particular districts, and ultimately Midhat Pasha induced the Sultan to extend the reforms to the Empire at large. He was appointed to the Governorship of the Vilayet of the Danube, and in 1884 began the hopeless task of reconciling the Bulgarians to Ottoman supremacy. In 1886 he was recalled and appointed to preside over the Council of State. Here he also showed reforming zeal, but, a fresh outbreak in Bulgaria arising, he had to return there to suppress the revolt, which he did. Bagdad next rebelling, Midhat was dispatched to quell the disturbance, and in the end, with much effort, he succeeded. Coming once more to the capital, he took the liberty to warn Abdul Aziz of the danger of an attempt, then being made, to change the succession to the throne. He denounced the Grand Vizier and his colleagues as traitors; and, after a spirited contest, Midhat himself was appointed to succeed Mahmud Nedim. His triumph, however, was short-lived. Palace intrigue soon mastered the daring reformer, and in a short time his enemies had the pleasure of seeing him banished. When the present Sultan came to the throne Midhat was once more Grand Vizier, and the Ottoman Parliament was inaugurated with a great flourish. Midhat, however, fell under suspicion, and he was not only dismissed, but was again banished. He paid a visit to England soon after the Berlin Treaty was concluded.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The Lord Mayor on the 23rd inst. distributed prizes and certificates to the successful students attending the evening classes at King's College, and awards were made for excellence in divinity, languages, English history, law, logic, mathematics, scientific subjects, and various other matters.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The performance of Mozart's “Le Nozze di Figaro,” last Saturday, presented the special feature of the association of Madame Albani (as the Countess), Madame Pauline Lucca (as Cherubino), and Madame Sembrich (as Susanna). This combination, with Signor De Reszké as the Count, and Signor Cotogni as Figaro, formed an excellent cast. Madame Albani gave her music with exquisite refinement, especially the airs, “Porgi amor” and “Dove sono”; another feature having been the duet, with Madame Sembrich, “Sull'aria.” This lady, although suffering from cold and hoarseness, sang with much brightness and spirit in other instances, including the duet with the Count, “Crudel perchè.” Madame Lucca's impersonation of the pert Page is the same excellent piece of musical comedy as before. The arias “Non so più” and “Voi che sapete” were very effectively given. Signor De Reszké, as the Count, was all that could be wished, Signor Cotogni was the same zealous Figaro as often before, and Signor Scolaro was a good conventional Bartolo; the characters of Marcellina and Basilio having been filled, respectively, by Mlle. Desvignes and Signor I. Corsi.

On the previous Thursday Madame Scalchi appeared for the first time this season; and, as the Page, in “Les Huguenots,” sang with the same fine qualities of voice and style as on many former occasions. The cast included Madame Biro de Marion, who, as Margherita di Valois, made her first appearance in England. The lady, who has good stage qualities, was favourably received, and will probably improve, in future appearances, on the impression already made.

On Monday, “Carmen” was given for the first time this season, and included the fine performance of the title-character by Madame Pauline Lucca, which was of the same high order as during last season. The character of Micaela was transferred to Madame Laterner, who made her début on the opening night of the season, and was favourably received. Another transference was that of the character of Don José to Signor Marconi, who acted and sang with much effect in several instances, especially in the tragic closing scene. Signor Cotogni was an energetic representative of the Toréador. Other proceedings of the week must be spoken of hereafter.

The last of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts of the season was given at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when the programme was of the usual popular and miscellaneous character. Among the vocalists were Mesdames Rose Hersee, Marie Davies, and Antoinette Sterling, and Messrs. Lloyd, Barrington Foote, and Santley. Madame Norman-Néruda was the violinist, and Madame Essipoff the pianist of the concert.

The sixth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society's seventy-second season took place at St. James's Hall, this week. The programme included a new symphony (the fourth) by Mr. F. H. Cowen, and the appearances of Signor Bottesini, the celebrated contrabassist, and of Madame Valleria, the eminent vocalist. Of the performances we must speak next week.

The concert of Mr. Oberthür—the eminent harpist—was given at Prince's Hall on Monday afternoon, and included his performance of his “Concertstück,” entitled “Orpheus,” and other attractive features. Madame Frickenhaus (pianist) and Herr Ludwig (violinist) gave the second of their Chamber Concerts in the same locale on Thursday evening, and the fourth of Mr. Charles Hallé's excellent concerts of chamber music took place there yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

Mr. Max Pauer gave the first of two performances of clavier and pianoforte music at Prince's Hall on Thursday week. The examples were given in chronological order, ranging from the period of Bach to the present day. Mr. Pauer, who, we believe, is a pupil of his father, Mr. Ernst Pauer, proved himself worthy of his parent and instructor, his playing having been highly artistic. The second Recital took place last Thursday.

Miss Elizabeth Philp's concert at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week drew a large and fashionable attendance. Many of the concert-giver's songs were given with much success, among them having been some new compositions: “The life that I lived for you,” sung by Miss A. Larkcom; and “The Song of the Galley-Slaves,” rendered by the composer; the words of both being by Miss Braddon—“My Love,” assigned to Mr. Oswald, two duets, sung by Mr. C. Traberne and Mr. E. Cecil; “At Rest” (Mrs. A. Tuer) and “The Lily and the Leaf” (Mr. R. Hollins). These and other pieces composed by Miss Philp were enough to attest her facility in composition; and they form but a small portion of her productions. Besides the singers named, Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Misses C. Myers and H. Glenn contributed to a long programme, which included instrumental solos skilfully performed by Mlle. Eissler (violin), and Madame Frickenhaus and Miss B. Waugh (pianoforte). Sir Julius Benedict unexpectedly played a pianoforte solo with great success.

The sixth Richter concert of the series took place at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, when Brahms's new symphony (No. 3) was repeated. Of this work we have already spoken, in reference to its first performance in England at the third Richter concert of the series. It was again very favourably received.

The second Floral Hall concert of the season takes place this (Saturday) afternoon, when some of the principal members of the Royal Italian Opera Company will contribute to a varied programme.

Señor Sarasate gives the fourth and last of his series of grand orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall this (Saturday) afternoon. At the third concert the eminent Spanish violinist played Beethoven's concerto with admirable executive power and finish, besides smaller solo pieces. The fine performances of the orchestra, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins, were special features. Of the final concert we must speak next week.

M. Gounod's oratorio, “The Redemption,” was performed with great effect in Westminster Abbey on Ascension Day in association with a short service—a brief sermon having been preached by the Dean, and a collection made in aid of the funds of the Clergy Orphan Schools, which stand much in need of such help.

By permission of the Earl and Countess of Dudley, Herr August Hyllested, from Copenhagen, gave on Wednesday afternoon at Dudley House, Park-lane, a pianoforte recital, under the immediate patronage of the Princess of Wales.

Among the numerous concerts given this week have been the following:—On Monday, Madame Puzzi's at St. George's Hall, and Madame Feilberg-Lassen's, at Prince's Hall; on Tuesday, Madame Sophie Löwe and Miss Lena Little's, at Prince's Hall, and Mr. Ivan Range's, at Messrs. Collard's Rooms; on Wednesday Miss Synge's, also at Collard's; and Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Josef Ludwig's chamber concert at the Prince's Hall.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Lyceum again becomes the centre of attraction. Mr. Lawrence Barrett having made his farewell bow on Friday in the tragic rôle of Yorick in Mr. W. D. Howells' Elizabethan play, the enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Henry Irving and of Miss Ellen Terry will assuredly flock to the theatre on Saturday evening; and it would not be a matter of much surprise were their profound admiration for the laurel-crowned English actor fresh from New York to impel them with one accord to greet Mr. Irving with the jubilant strains of “See the Conquering Hero Comes!” Badinage apart, Mr. Irving is deserving of the heartiest praise for his artistic and masterful direction of the Lyceum. And, as Mr. Irving was most fervently bidden Godspeed within the walls of his popular playhouse on Saturday, the Twenty-eighth of July, 1883, when he gracefully bade his friends Farewell prior to his departure on a tour in the United States, so is our foremost Dramatic Artist certain to be welcomed back to the Lyceum on Saturday, May 31, 1884, with a cordiality which even our American Cousins have not excelled. Mr. Irving does well to reappear with Miss Terry and his excellent company in the most beautiful representation of Shakespeare's “Much Ado About Nothing” the stage can ever have seen.

The energetic and accomplished Manager of the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Wilson Barrett, is commendably striving in the same direction as Mr. Irving. Mr. Barrett is as lavishly liberal in mounting pieces, and is as painstaking in everything he does, as his distinguished contemporary. Moreover (and this is a point in which modern dramatists may even think the Manager of the Princess's excels in enterprise the Director of the Lyceum), Mr. Barrett has won his deservedly high reputation in London by the production of new dramas, remarkably good of their kind, and all extraordinarily successful.

“Chatterton,” a miniature drama in a single act, and the last novelty brought out at the Princess's, was pronounced a success at its first performance at a matinée on the Thursday of last week. Mr. Wilson Barrett, as the morbid young hero, at once aroused the interest of the audience by the earnestness with which he threw himself into the impersonation of the ambitious, love-sick, and despairing poet; and was applauded with especial warmth for his impassioned delivery of the eloquent passage on the worth of poetry. The authors, Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. H. Herman, have woven a sympathetic romance, and conjured up in Lady Mary (charmingly and winsomely portrayed by Miss Emmeline Ormsby) a sentimental idoliser of Chatterton and his muse. Visiting his garet, Lady Mary leaves on his table a letter which would have secured the aspiring but starving poet her hand. But Chatterton does not find the hopeful missive until after he has taken the dose of poison, which proves fatal. Capitally enacted likewise by Mr. George Barrett as the intoxicated Nat Bouden, by Mrs. Huntley as the landlady, and by Miss Mary Dickens as the vivacious Cecilia, “Chatterton” richly merited reproduction; and is again to be performed at a matinée on Saturday.

Waning space will only allow me to add that “La Mascotte” has been revived at the Comedy, with Miss Florence St. John and Mr. Arthur Roberts in the parts of Bettina and the Duke of Piombino, M. Audran's glou-glou opera again winning favour; and that at the Avenue Theatre Miss Lydia Cowell charms all beholders by her charming Fanchon in Mr. James Mortimer's pleasant adaptation from the French, “Little Cricket.”

“A CHEF D'ŒUVRE.”

A masterpiece, in any line of art, may be called a “chef d'œuvre;” and the art of carving and clipping a small yew-tree into the likeness of a cock, if not ranking with the fine arts, is one that requires no little skill. Our friend here in the garden knows when he has done his best, and feels a degree of innocent self-complacency which nobody could wish to disturb. If he cannot produce a marble statue, he is yet a sort of sculptor, and his knowledge of ornithology, no doubt, is sufficient for the work he has taken in hand. The effect of his clever performance is quite that which he designed, and as good as his neighbours could expect; so he will presently invite their praises and congratulations, the sweet reward of industry, and will stand higher in his own esteem for this curious achievement. Mr. Rainey has drawn his face and figure with much characteristic expression, and with a certain degree of humour that lets us into the feelings of this honest fellow. The serene air of dignified self-approval in his countenance, as well as his attitude, recalls that of an eminent philosophical politician, once familiar to the House of Commons, when approaching the conclusive peroration of an expository speech. The right hand, instead of being armed with a pair of clipping shears, held a roll of printed paper, and the left hand was put beneath the coat-tails, resting on the small of the back, to balance the rising figure at its full natural height, while the settled gravity of a mind profoundly conscious of its moral and intellectual greatness was indicated by the poised head, the broad fixed smile, and the inward absorption of thought returning from a triumphant contemplation of his own finished effort. It is human nature, after all, which is pretty much the same in all walks of art, and in all the works of man.

By special desire, Mr. Samuel Brandram will give, previous to his departure for America, two evening recitals in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The first, on Monday, June 16, will consist chiefly of selections from Shakespeare's plays; Dickens's “Christmas Carol” forming the second recital, on June 23.

The annual flower festival for children will be held at the Royal Victoria Coffee-Hall, Waterloo Bridge-road, this (Saturday) afternoon. The entertainment, consisting of a variety of talent, will conclude with Fred Evans's comic ballet, “Pussy's Holiday; or the Demon Cats.” Each child will be presented, on leaving, with a bunch of flowers.

During the last week in June there will be a series of representations at Cromwell House which, for beauty and artistic interest, will vie with the Greek plays of 1883. Lady Freaque has originated the idea of a recital of Schiller's exquisite poem, “The Lay of the Bell,” illustrated by tableaux and accompanied by Romburg's music, thus offering a very rare and attractive combination. The representations are under Royal patronage, and Lady Freaque has enlisted the services of Mr. Carl Haag to arrange the tableaux.

In obedience to numerous requests Miss Jennie Young, of New York, author of “The Ceramic Art” and other works of value, repeated her concert lecture on “Longfellow, his Life and Lyrics,” at Exeter Hall, on Friday evening, May 30—Professor John Stuart Blackie in the chair. Next Friday evening this gifted young lady will discourse at the same place on “The Potter's Art,” with Mr. Henry Doulton (name of good augury) for chairman, and having at her elbow a potter with his wheel, practically to illustrate her lecture; and on Saturday evening, June 14, Miss Young will give her concert lecture on “Ireland and her Songs,” with Sir William M'Arthur, M.P., in the chair.



1. Mrs. Wilson, as Elizabeth Woodville, in "Richard III."
2. Miss Violet Spencer Churchill, as Witch, in "Macbeth."
3. Mrs. Aveling, as Duchess of York, in "Richard III."

4. Mrs. Wood, as Hero, in "Much Ado About Nothing."
5. Mrs. Fancourt Barnes, as Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI.

6. Miss Patton Dethune, as Shepherdess, in "A Winter's Tale."
7. Mrs. Burnett, as Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing."
8. Miss M'Harvey, as Perdita, in "A Winter's Tale."

SKETCHES AT THE SHAKSPEAREAN SHOW, ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

To benefit the funds of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, by paying off a mortgage debt of £5000, a public entertainment called the "Shakespearean Show" took place at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, under Royal patronage, during the last three days of this week. The General Council, which included Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Toole, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. F. J. Furnivall, and other gentlemen well known to the public, had arranged for the illustration of eleven plays of Shakspeare's with scenic effects; the characters being represented, in correct and artistic

costume, by ladies of rank and position, who in the intervals presided over the stalls of a fancy bazaar. The scenes were designed by Mr. Alfred Darbyshire, and prepared by Mr. Bevis; their subjects were taken from the plays, "As You Like It," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Macbeth," "Richard III.," "Romeo and Juliet," "King John," "Measure for Measure," "A Winter's Tale," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Our sketches represent eight of the female characters, as personated by the ladies therein named; besides whom, Lady Granville Gordon appeared as Juliet, and the Countess of Kintore, Lady

Constance Howard, Lady Alfred Churchill, Lady Winnington, and others bore different Shakspearean parts. There was also an exhibition of Shakspearean relics, a performance of Shakspearean music, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen. A volume, entitled the "Shakspearean Show-Book" has been published, containing special contributions from many eminent authors and artists, Lord Tennyson and Mr. Robert Browning among the number. The general arrangements upon this occasion, as for the "Olde English Fayre" two years ago, were designed and superintended by Mr. J. S. Wood.



A CHEF-D'ŒUVRE.
DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.

THE COURT.

Before leaving Windsor for Balmoral on Thursday week the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, visited the new hall of the Royal Tapestry Institute at Old Windsor. Mr. H. Henry, the director of the works, conducted the Royal party round the hall, and exhibited various parcels of tapestry. The workmen and the workwomen were afterwards admitted to her Majesty's presence in the hall. A wreath and cross of African immortelles was received by the Queen from Lady Robinson and the ladies of Cape Town through Captain Mills, Agent-General of the Cape of Good Hope, to be placed upon the tomb of his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. Lady Southampton succeeded the Dowager Duchess of Athole as Lady-in-Waiting to her Majesty. Accompanied by Princess Beatrice and attended by a numerous suite, her Majesty left Windsor Castle on Thursday evening at 8.30 for Scotland. The special train conveying her Majesty travelled via Reading and Oxford to Leamington, where at eleven p.m. tea was served. The route thence was through Birmingham, Bushby, and Wigan, to Carlisle, over the Caledonian Railway to Perth and Ballater. Here the Royal party was received by a guard of honour of the 79th Cameron Highlanders. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice took their seats in an open carriage and drove to Balmoral, which was reached at 3.30. The Princess of Leiningen, Princess Margaret, and Prince Arthur of Connaught arrived also at Balmoral. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning by the Rev. A. Campbell, of Crathie, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, Princess Leiningen, and the Royal Household. It is expected that the Court will stay at Balmoral till June 28. The Queen received last week the intelligence of the death of her Majesty's first cousin, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. The Prince died at Vienna, after a few days' illness, in his sixtieth year. Her Majesty's birthday was celebrated last Saturday with less than the customary show in consequence of the recent death of the Duke of Albany. The Queen has presented portraits of the late Duke of Albany to Lieutenant Monro, Sergeant Tonner, and the men of the Seaforth Highlanders who carried the coffin on the day of the funeral of the late Prince Leopold. By command of the Queen, the gamekeepers and other servants on the Royal estates were entertained at dinner in the iron ball-room at Balmoral Castle last Saturday afternoon in celebration of the anniversary of her Majesty's birthday. The health of the Queen was drunk with Highland honours. The bronze statue of John Brown arrived at Balmoral last Saturday, and is to be placed on a pedestal erected about 200 yards to the south-west of the castle.

The Prince of Wales, who has been staying at Royat, Auvergne, visited on Thursday, the 22nd inst., the Observatory of Puy de Dôme, which is established at an altitude of 1475 mètres; and the Prince made an excursion yesterday week to Vichy. His Royal Highness appears to derive much benefit from the baths. Last Saturday the Prince entertained at dinner the principal English visitors in honour of the Queen's birthday. Her Majesty's health was drunk with enthusiasm. On Sunday morning his Royal Highness attended Divine service at an extemporised chapel in the Hôtel de Chabassière. The Prince has gone to Paris this week, on his way to Wiesbaden. The Prince has addressed a letter to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge alluding to a letter sent to that gentleman by the Duke of Albany with reference to tapestry-making in England. The Prince states that, as President of the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works, he desires to second the efforts made by his lamented brother for this art, and points out methods by which this work may be aided.

There was a largely attended gathering of graduates and undergraduates at Cambridge last Saturday in aid of a project, emanating from Oxford, for the establishment of a settlement in East London for University men. Professor Seeley presided; and a resolution, cordially supported by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, was unanimously passed in favour of co-operation in the matter. Prince Albert Victor of Wales, who on rising was received with great applause, said:—

Gentlemen, I think myself very happy in having been able to be one of those who this evening have had the pleasure of hearing what has been done for the settlement of Oxford men in the midst of Whitechapel. I am sure Cambridge men will be glad to bear a hand in this good work, more especially as its main object is to help those who are wishing to help themselves (Applause). All such help given in a brotherly spirit not only blesses him who receives but also him who gives; and this work done by University men in Whitechapel and Stepney thus induces the sympathies, and opens up a broader view of life to those engaged in it than is possible for us to obtain while living in the West-End of London only. I have heard to-night of the many ways in which this help may be rendered. It is not for me now to dwell upon any of those in particular, but we must all see, I am sure, that nothing is more necessary for building up a healthy commonwealth than that all classes and parties, whether political or religious, should join and unite together in the attempt to better not only each other, but the whole (Applause). It is because this present movement, started by the University of Oxford, and now to be joined by the University of Cambridge, endeavours to do this, and to help in the physical, moral, political, and intellectual bettering of our fellow-countrymen in the eastern part of London, and to make them thus worthier citizens, not only of the great metropolis, but also of our wider England, to which we all alike feel such devotion, I, for one, give them my heartiest sympathy (Applause).

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

The noble building erected at South Kensington for the reception of the Natural History Collections formerly in the British Museum, and of all those under the charge of the Science and Art Department, as it stands close to the International Health Exhibition, will probably attract a great many visitors this season. Our Illustrations are intended to give a few examples of the skill which has been applied to the grouping of stuffed animals, with a view to showing their habits and characteristic attitudes, carefully studied by observant naturalists. The group of humming birds is from the American Collection of that eminent ornithologist, Mr. Gould. The jungle fowl of India, and the anaconda shown in the act of seizing a peccary, or similar small quadruped, are equally true to nature. The stoats here brought together are in the different conditions which they present in summer and winter, so as to show the change of fur.

Colonel Donnelly, R.E., has been appointed secretary and permanent head of the Science and Art Department of the Privy Council.

Sir Brandreth Gibbs presided over the annual general meeting of the members of the Royal Agricultural Society, held on the 22nd inst. at the offices in Hanover-square. The report showed that during the year 711 new members had been enrolled, bringing the total number of members up to 8766. The funded property of the society stands at £25,880, and the balance of the current account in the hands of the society's bankers on the 1st inst. was £6290, and £3000 remained on deposit. The Shrewsbury meeting will be held in July, and promises to be successful. Sir Massey Lopes, M.P., was elected president for the ensuing year.—A three-days' conference of dairy farmers and exhibitors has been held at Gloucester. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach opened the proceedings, and remarked upon the need of adopting every improvement in production in order to meet foreign competition.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

So warm has waxed the Parliamentary fight of late that the Whitsuntide holiday has been peculiarly acceptable not only to the controversial gladiators, but also to the general body of legislators who have been more or less excited by the fray. It may be imagined with what a feeling of relief the chief combatant, Mr. Gladstone, seasonably arrayed in a light felt hat and overcoat, and, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, drove from Downing-street on the eve of the Derby Day, bound for Hawarden Castle. The respite is welcome to all Parties.

The Lords did not adjourn on Tuesday till the Marquis of Salisbury had, in a manner, gained yet another point over Earl Granville. Lord Carnarvon (who has been pecking at the Government with increased acerbity of late) bent himself into a note of interrogation, and chirpingly inquired why, when the Prime Minister had emphatically repudiated any intention to revive the Dual Control in Egypt, negotiations should be entered into with the other Powers for a Multiple Control? Couching his censorious speech still in the form of an interrogation, the noble Earl likewise deprecated any contemplated agreement "for the definite withdrawal of English troops from Egypt at a given period." In vain did the Foreign Secretary explicitly say that, a "rearrangement of Egyptian finance" being "absolutely necessary," the Powers had been invited to attend a Conference "to make an alteration in the Law of Liquidation;" adding that, as soon as the preliminary friendly communications with France should be brought to an end, the other Great Powers would be consulted, and the result would be laid before Parliament prior to the assembling of the Conference. With this clear promise (made also the same day in the House of Commons by the Premier), why was the matter not allowed to drop there? Because a set attack had been arranged by the Opposition chieftains. Earl Cairns and Earl Stanhope briefly followed in the carping strain of the Earl of Carnarvon. Then a series of evidently carefully-prepared impromptus against "yielding up Egypt to the anarchy and confusion of multiple control" came from the Marquis of Salisbury, who earnestly protested against the "long period of recess" being agreed to. But was not this barbed protest rather sharp practice on the part of the noble Marquis after (as Earl Granville explained in a tone of natural remonstrance) he had approved the proposed adjournment of three weeks? Be that as it may, noble Lords have to thank the Leader of the Opposition for the shortening of the holidays. Their Lordships have now to reassemble next Monday week.

General Gordon's position at Khartoum, and the steps taken to reach her Majesty's Envoy to the Soudan, not unnaturally continued to exercise the minds of the lively members of the Opposition in the Commons up to the eve of the adjournment. The conversation on the Conference over on Tuesday, the hon. and portentous member whose Eye is ever rolling in a fine frenzy Eastward Ho! severely demanded of Mr. Gladstone whether the movements of British troops and sailors on the Nile "were meant as a check to the armed movements of the Mahdi." The Premier has the happy knack of disposing of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's inquiries in a light and easy fashion. Correcting the indefatigable member for Eye (or Ego), Mr. Gladstone explained that it was an Egyptian force that had left Assouan for "the security and defence of Egypt." The right hon. gentleman could not be persuaded to say more, with respect to General Gordon, than he stated to the House in the debate on Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's motion. But Ministerial declarations on that occasion may peradventure have been accepted by the general public as indicating with sufficient clearness that no time is being lost by the War Office and Admiralty in preparing for any contingencies in the Soudan. Whatever course circumstances may render it necessary for the Government to pursue for the protection of General Gordon, it was made plain that not alone the Conservative Party, but one or more members on the Ministerial side set their faces sternly against precipitate withdrawal of British troops from Egypt proper. That ordinarily stanch Radical, Mr. Peter Rylands, for example, found himself for the nonce in the same galley as Mr. A. J. Balfour in regard to this knotty point. The hon. member for Burnley, indeed, provoked Mr. Labouchere into entering a humorous protest against his shaking hands over his head, figuratively speaking, with Mr. Balfour while another "corner" man (Mr. Forster) cheered the "Jingo" performance.

The Ministerial bill for the equalisation of the county with the borough franchise has been instrumental in revealing the divergence of the views of Sir Stafford Northcote and of Lord Randolph Churchill. On the 23rd inst., to wit, Lord Randolph Churchill urged Colonel Stanley to withdraw his amendment seeking to postpone the operation of the new measure of enfranchisement until after the settlement of the Redistribution of Seats question. Sir Stafford Northcote, however, declined to accept the counsel of his pertinacious and self-assertive young rival—as did Colonel Stanley. Result: rejection of the amendment by a majority of 94—276 against 182 votes. On Monday Dr. Cameron's proposal to entitle each voter to give as many votes as there are seats for his borough or division of a county was made only to be dropped. Sir Edward Watkin's amendment to exclude a voter having one room only from the franchise was also withdrawn. So were various proposed changes in the "Service Franchise" clause. Mr. M'Laren was likewise unfortunate with his logical amendment to disentitle any householder from voting for more than one borough or county, though why Mr. Gladstone should have objected to this manifestly just proposition is not clear when he accepted an amendment on a previous day from so steadfast an antagonist as Sir H. Drummond Wolff. The debate was so far profitable, however, that it gave rise to a very smart passage of arms between Sir Richard Cross and the Premier, in which Mr. Gladstone did not get the worst of it. By the considerable majority of 192 was Mr. M'Laren's amendment negatived—235 against 43 votes. Clause the fourth only had been reached when the Committee reported progress.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer on Monday only moved the second reading of the National Debt Bill (for the conversion of Three per Cent Stock into Two-and-Three-Quarter and Two-and-a-Half per Cent Stock) to find the scheme denounced by Mr. Hubbard, and the debate adjourned on the motion of Mr. W. Fowler.

The House of Commons did not separate on Tuesday before yet another concession was made to Irish tenant-farmers. The Irish Land-Purchase Bill Mr. Trevelyan introduced with accustomed perspicuity purposes to so far amend the Acts of 1870 and 1881 that thirty tenants will be enabled to acquire their holdings by means of loans granted by Government at the reduced rate of 3½ per cent interest; those paying £5 a year to be entitled to their farms at the end of thirty-three years; and an annual payment of £4 10s. per £100 to purchase the property in forty years. Mr. Parnell gave qualified praise to the measure, which was read the first time. The House stands adjourned till Thursday next.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

The long-continued spell of dry weather which we have enjoyed lately had a marked and most unfortunate effect on the opening day of the Epsom Summer Meeting. Though the going at Epsom itself was far better than could have been expected under the circumstances, the gallops at most of the training grounds are as hard as iron, and consequently owners were afraid to send their horses, many of whom were very backward in their preparation. There were eight races on the card on Tuesday, but, from the cause we have mentioned, the fields generally ruled very small, and the sport was not particularly interesting. Backers were fairly fortunate on the whole, though they had to buy their money dearly in several instances, and two very hot favourites were beaten during the afternoon. One of these was Slurvenham, who was supported against the field for the Juvenile Plate on the strength of his Doncaster victory last week, but could only finish a bad third to St. Rule and Gaythorn. The former of these is a nice colt by Pellegrino—Caledonia, who came out at Northampton with a considerable reputation, but on that occasion performed somewhat indifferently. Aladdin, by Sir Bevy—Ocyroe, made a successful first appearance in the Chetwynd Plate, though the odds of 3 to 1 that were laid on him were scarcely justified, as it took him all his time to get rid of the moderate Radiuse. A field of four is the smallest that has ever contested the Woodcote Stakes. The hard ground was doubtless responsible for the absence of some of the likely competitors, and the owners of others did not care to oppose Rosy Morn, a "dark" colt who came from Matthew Dawson's with a very high character. He is an own brother to Bon Jour, by Rosicrucian—Bonnie Katie, and cost 2000 gs. as a yearling last season. Judging by the style in which he settled Laverock and the other two, this price was by no means excessive, and he is probably the best youngster that has been seen out this year.

Wednesday was a dull, cold day, but no rain fell, and the plague of dust was rampant. No change of any importance took place in the Derby betting prior to the start, the most noteworthy feature being the rush to back St. Medard for a place. Harvester moved well in his preliminary canter, and showed no trace of lameness, but he only met with lukewarm support at 14 to 1. There was no delay in marshalling the fifteen runners to the post, and the flag fell at the first attempt to a capital start. Bedouin at once showed in advance, and he was closely followed by Queen Adelaide, with St. Gatien and Richmond at the head of the others for a few strides, when Richmond rushed to the front, and went on with a slight lead of St. Gatien and Bedouin. They ran in this order for a quarter of a mile, when Woodstock took his colours to the front, and went on with a slight advantage of Richmond and Bedouin, with St. Gatien, Harvester, and Talisman next, as they went through the furze. At the mile post, however, Richmond resumed the command, and came on clear of St. Gatien and Brest, with Waterford and Borneo next, the others being in a cluster, with Hopeful Dutchman in the rear. At the top of the hill Richmond was still showing the way, attended by Borneo, Waterford, and St. Gatien in the order named, with Beauchamp, Brest, and Harvester next, the last three being Talisman, Queen Adelaide, and The Hopeful Dutchman, the last of whom was tailed off. Descending the hill, Borneo drew up on the outside, and took the lead, followed by St. Gatien and Richmond, with Loch Ranza and Waterford at the head of the others into the straight, where Loch Ranza ran up to Borneo, the pair coming into the line for home in front of St. Gatien and Waterford, whilst Queen Adelaide had so far improved her position that she was now fifth, Harvester being next, with Talisman and Brest at the head of the next division. A quarter of a mile from the finish Loch Ranza was beaten, and Borneo now had for his immediate attendant St. Gatien, with Waterford, Harvester, and Queen Adelaide next, to the distance. Here Borneo held out signals of distress, and on his retirement St. Gatien took up the running, but was immediately afterwards challenged by Harvester. A desperately exciting race then ensued, the pair running home locked together, the judge's verdict being a dead-heat; Queen Adelaide, two lengths behind, was third; with Waterford fourth; Brest fifth; Talisman sixth; Borneo seventh; St. Medard eighth; and Woodstock and the Hopeful Dutchman beaten off. There was a dead-heat for the Derby in 1828, between Cadland and The Colonel; and this is only the second time in the history of the race that such a thing has occurred. Sir John Willoughby and Mr. Hammond soon agreed to a division, neither being anxious to run again, as Harvester cannot be thoroughly wound up after the stoppage in his work, whilst St. Gatien, who appears to have the Manchester Cup at his mercy next week, would be none the better for a second severe struggle over the adamant ground. The favourite did fairly well, and might have won if the state of the ground had not precluded her trainer from giving her a thorough preparation.

Important cricket-matches have been so numerous during the past few days that we can do little more than note the results of them. At Lord's, the M.C.C. and Ground have inflicted a crushing defeat—in one innings with 115 runs to spare—on the Australians. This grand triumph was greatly due to the splendid batting of Dr. W. G. Grace (101), Mr. A. G. Steel (134), Barnes (not out, 105), and Mr. T. C. O'Brien (72), and was gained in spite of some very indifferent fielding. For our visitors, P. S. M'Donnell (64) and W. L. Murdoch (not out, 58) played well, but did not receive much support from the rest of the side. The next match in which the Australians took part—against a miserably weak team of England—may fairly rank amongst the curiosities of cricket. At their second attempt the England eleven was disposed of for the absurd total of 26 runs, and then the Australians actually lost six wickets before they could make the 33 runs requisite to win. It is almost needless to say that the wicket was a very bad one, and we are scarcely likely to see another first-class match at the Aston Grounds, Birmingham, for some time to come. Surrey has beaten Hants by seven wickets, in spite of the very excellent batting shown by Messrs. E. O. Powell (not out, 26, and 99) and J. G. Bonham-Carter (67). Mr. M. P. Bowden (42 and, not out, 89) proved the most useful man on the other side. Surrey has also disposed of Leicestershire by exactly the same number of wickets, thanks, mainly, to the 162, not out, made by Mr. W. W. Read, a very fine innings, on the whole, though he gave two or three chances. In the second innings of Leicestershire, Mr. W. H. Hay went in first, and carried out his bat for a very careful 69. The stubborn stand made by Mr. E. J. McCormick (73) and Humphreys (41) gave Sussex a very unexpected victory over Gloucestershire by seven wickets; and we must mention that in a match—undisputed at the time of writing—between Yorkshire and Cambridge University the county ran up the very heavy score of 581, to which grand total Bates (133), Hall (116), and Grimshaw (115) were the chief contributors.

The presidency of the Incorporated Society of Authors has been accepted by Lord Tennyson.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 27.

The past political week has been particularly active, both inside and outside the Chambers. I say nothing about the silly reports concerning Prince Victor Bonaparte, the shadow of a Prince, heir to the shadow of a throne. The simple fact is that the young man has gone to live in bachelor's rooms, and emancipated himself from his papa's surveillance. The political consequences of this act do not really seem to be very grave, or even interesting to study, especially when we have before us a mordant criticism of the Government by that inveterate opposer, M. Clemenceau. Before a meeting of his turbulent Montmartre electors last Sunday, M. Clemenceau demolished, to the satisfaction of himself and of his audience, the Ferry Cabinet and all its acts, and severely criticised, above all, its colonial policy.

The question of the establishment of divorce came up in the Senate yesterday, when M. Naquet began a long speech in favour of the law of which he has been the chief promoter. The discussion was continued this afternoon, and, as many orators are to speak, it is expected that the battle will last a week. It will be remembered that M. Naquet's bill was rejected by the Chamber of Deputies in 1881 by a majority of about 30: then in the same year, after the general elections, the same bill was adopted by an immense majority. This important social question is attracting much attention in spite of the counter-interest of the bill on the revision of the Constitution which has been introduced into the Chamber by M. Jules Ferry. The proposed modifications bear upon four points: the Republican form of Government is not to be put into question at any future congress; life senators to be abolished and replaced by senators elected for nine years; the last word in financial matters to be the right of the Chamber; public prayers for the welfare of Parliament to be suppressed.

Sarah Bernhardt has just achieved a certain success at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre as Lady Macbeth, M. Marais playing Macbeth. Madame Bernhardt's impersonation of the rôle is original and charming, as all that she does must be, and her acting in the sleep-walking scene is splendid. Unfortunately, the translation, hurriedly made by M. Richepin, is wretchedly bad, and the actors, with the exception of the heroine, play very poorly. Nevertheless, Madame Bernhardt is anxious, I hear, to appear in the piece before her London admirers.

The Meissonier exhibition, now open in the gallery of the Rue de Sèze, and containing nearly 150 of the famous painter's works, is a great success. For want of space, I can best give my impression by saying that it is worth a journey to Paris to see.—No medal of honour has been voted at the Salon this year either in the section of painting or of sculpture, no artist having succeeded in getting the required majority of votes. Opinions were curiously divided, from which fact we may conclude that no work really deserved the supreme recompense. In the department of engraving the medal of honour was voted unhesitatingly to M. Bracquemond.—The actress Marie Colombar has been condemned to three months' imprisonment and a thousand francs fine for the infamous "Mémoires de Sarah Barnum," of which she is the author.—The French Derby was run at Chantilly last Sunday, and resulted, to everybody's surprise, in the victory of the Duc de Castries' Little Duck. The favourite, Archiduc, was second, and Fra Diavolo third. Little Duck thus becomes first favourite for the Grand Prix. Next Sunday the Grand International Steeplechase will be run at Auteuil; on the following Sunday half a million people will go to Longchamps to see the Grand Prix contested; then will begin the annual exodus to sea and mountain, and the Paris season will be at an end. T. C.

King Alfonso opened the annual National Fine-Art Exhibition at Madrid on Saturday last.

At a meeting on Sunday, convened by Prince Filangieri, presided over by the Syndic and largely attended by influential people, a committee was chosen for promoting a great national exhibition at Naples in 1890.

Yesterday week the King and Queen of the Netherlands left Brussels. The King and Queen of the Belgians took leave of their Majesties at the railway station.

The Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of England) laid the first stone of the English church last Saturday in the garden of the Monbijou Palace in Berlin. A distinguished company, including the whole staff of the British Embassy, was present. The Crown Prince subsequently read an address in English, in which he expressed the gratification of the Royal family at the commencement of the building of the first English church in Berlin. Bishop Titcomb performed the consecration service. The site of the building was given by the Emperor.

Prince William of Prussia arrived at Moscow on Friday, the 23rd, and was received with much ceremony at the railway. His Royal Highness, on his way to the Kremlin, where he resided during his stay, was heartily cheered by the people. The Prince quitted Moscow on Sunday night for Berlin.

Princess Elizabeth of Hesse was married at Philippsruhe on Monday to the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt.

The Emperor of Austria having inspected two plans for the enlargement of the Royal Palace at Buda—one suggesting a new wing overlooking the Danube—and the other an extension of the building on the town side, has selected the latter.

The Empress of Russia arrived at Rumpenheim on the 22nd inst., and was received by the august party gathered together in view of Princess Elizabeth's approaching marriage.

The recently renovated British graveyards around Sebastopol were on the 22nd inst. consecrated by the Bishop of Gibraltar. His Lordship was accompanied by the British Consul-General from Odessa.

Mr. J. Fish, formerly president of the Marine National Bank of New York, has been arrested, charged with a breach of the national banking law. A statue of Luther was unveiled at Washington last week. Mr. Eustis, Democrat, has been elected Senator for Louisiana in succession to Mr. Benjamin Jonas. Sixty-six thousand eight hundred immigrants arrived in the United States during the month of April last.

Speaking recently at Ottawa on the wisdom of confederation among the provinces of the Dominion, the Canadian Minister of Railways pointed out that since the confederation the trade of the Dominion had increased from 131,000,000 dols to 231,000,000 dols., and savings bank deposits had risen from 1,500,000 dols. to 28,000,000 dols. He further observed that the letters mailed in 1867 numbered 10,000,000, and during the past year 75,000,000. The number of immigrants, he added, who landed in Canada in 1867 was 14,000, and in 1883 there were 133,000. Finally, the value of Canadian fisheries in 1879 was only 4,000,000 dols., and had now increased to 17,000,000 dols.

The Marquis of Normanby, late Governor of Victoria, has forwarded to the Queen a petition from sixty-eight chiefs inhabiting the island of Tanna, one of the New Hebrides groups, praying for protection against France and annexation to the Australian Colonies.

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Oxford presided at the first annual meeting of the Church Army, held on Wednesday at Prince's Hall.

The Rev. W. A. Pope, M.A., has been presented by University College with the living of Flamstead, in the diocese of St. Albans.

The Hon. Mrs. Claughton, accompanied by the Bishop of St. Albans, laid the memorial-stone of the new church at Chadwell-heath, Essex, on Wednesday.

Lord and Lady Elcho opened a bazaar in the Prince's Saloon of the Agricultural Hall, on Tuesday, in aid of the restoration fund of St. Mark's Church, Clerkenwell.

The Rev. Dr. Butler, Head Master of Harrow School, has been appointed to preach at the Bishop of London's ordination in St. Paul's Cathedral on the second Sunday in June.

The Right Rev. Dr. Linton, who was recently consecrated Bishop of Riverina, Australia, has been presented with a testimonial by his late congregation of St. Philip's, Heigham, Norwich.

The Earl of Shrewsbury has presented the Rev. James Bradshaw, Vicar of Hixon, Stafford, to the living of Ingestre, Stafford, of the value of £659 a year, vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. A. C. Talbot.

The Rev. Dr. Momerie, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at King's College, London, has been appointed to succeed the Rev. Dr. Stokoe as morning preacher in the Foundling Hospital Chapel.

In Berlin last Saturday the Crown Princess laid the foundation-stone of a new English church. The Crown Prince took part in the proceedings, and referred to the fact of its being the birthday of the Queen of England.

A new organ, only the pipes of the old instrument having been retained, was used for the first time at Westminster Abbey on Saturday. It stands much higher than the old organ, all its action is on the tubular pneumatic principle, and it has no trackers. It is blown by one of Otto's gas-engines.

The four Ascension Day services held at St. Paul's Cathedral were well attended, particularly the 3.15 p.m., when a sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. A. Lyttelton, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge. Gounod's "Redemption" was sung at Westminster Abbey with full orchestral accompaniment. The Dean of Westminster preached on behalf of the Clergy Orphan Corporation.

The Right Rev. Dr. Titcomb, late Bishop of Rangoon, who for some time past has been performing episcopal duty on the Continent under special license, has been appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury first Bishop of the English Church for the chaplaincies of Northern and Central Europe.—On Ascension Day, the Right Rev. J. H. Titcomb laid the foundation-stone of an Anglo-American Episcopal Church in Leipzig, in the presence of the principal residents. The site was a present from the Town Council. Many of those who had witnessed the ceremonial were afterwards entertained at luncheon by Baron Tauchnitz, the British Consul-General.

In response to invitations issued by the council of the Thames Church Mission, a large company assembled last Saturday afternoon on the new mission-smack Edward Auriol, intended for use in the special mission to deep-sea fishermen. The new craft, which is 100 ft. long by 21 ft. 6 in. beam, and is commodiously fitted up, lay, by permission of the Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company, off the Custom House and Wool quays, where she had been open for inspection since the 20th inst. A short service of dedication was conducted on the deck of the new craft by Bishop Tozer, on behalf of the Bishop of London, the vice-patron of the mission.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided last Saturday at the Court of Assistants of the Sons of the Clergy, held at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place. One of the most important branches of the society's work is the provision of pensions for the widows and daughters of deceased clergymen, the number of these pensioners being respectively 406 widows and 306 daughters. The Court upon the present occasion had the task of selecting from a list of 176 applicants—prepared by Mr. Paget Bowman, the registrar—the most suitable cases to fill the thirty-three vacancies which had occurred during the past year by death or resignation.

The General Assemblies of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland were opened on the 22nd inst. in Edinburgh. The opening of the Assembly of the Established Church, to which the Earl of Aberdeen has been appointed Lord High Commissioner, was preceded by the usual state ceremonial. The Earl of Aberdeen held a levée in Holyrood Palace at eleven o'clock, which was attended by the Lord Provost and Council of Edinburgh and a large company of noblemen and gentlemen. The Lord High Commissioner afterwards drove in procession to St. Giles's Church, where service was conducted by the retiring Moderator. The procession attracted large crowds, who lined the thoroughfares through which it passed.—In the Free Church assembly Dr. Walter Ross Taylor, Thurso, was chosen Moderator. The Rev. Mr. Melville, Glasgow, was elected to one of the clerkships rendered vacant by the death of Sir Henry Wellwood Moncrieff. The financial reports of the Free Church show a prosperous year, the increase of income being upwards of £47,000, and the total revenue £628,222, as compared with £580,659 for the preceding year.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 7.

SUNDAY, JUNE 1.	WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.
Whit Sunday. Morning Lessons: Deut. xvi. 1-18; Rom. viii. 1-18. Evening Les- sons: Isaiah xi. or Ezek. xxxvii. 25, Gal. v. 16, or Acts xviii. 24-xix. 21. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., 3.15 p.m., and 7 p.m. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., and 3 p.m. St. James's, noon, Rev. R. Eytton. Whitehall, 11 a.m., Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Dr. Croslegh; 7 p.m., Rev. A. G. Meugens.	Entomological Society, 7 p.m. British Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.
MONDAY, JUNE 2.	THURSDAY, JUNE 5.
Whitsun Monday. Bank Holiday. Chemical Industry Society, 8 p.m. Royal Institution, general monthly meeting, 5 p.m. Bath and West of England Show, Maidstone (five days). Royal Harwich Yacht Club Regatta (two days). Races: Kempton Park, Redcar.	George, I. King of Greece, accession, 1863. Archæological Institute, 4 p.m. Linnean Society, 8 p.m. Chemical Society, 8 p.m. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on Flame and Oxidation. Parliament re-assembles. Zoological Society's Gardens, Davis Lecture, 5 p.m., Professor Flower on Man geologically considered.
TUESDAY, JUNE 3.	FRIDAY, JUNE 6.
Prince George Frederick of Wales born, 1865. Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m. (Christian Knowledge Society, 2 p.m.) Royal Institution, 3 p.m. (Professor Gamgee on the Physiology of Nerve and Muscle). Manchester and Four Oaks Park Races.	Botanic Society, lecture, 4 p.m. Philosophical Society, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association, 8 p.m. Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; Mr. Willoughby Smith on Electric Induction Experiments). Albert Hall, Jubilee Concert by Sir Julius Benedict, 8 p.m., Oratorio of "St. Peter." Royal London Yacht Club Races, Kosherville.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.	SATURDAY, JUNE 7.
Actuaries' Institute, anniversary, 3 p.m. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Bonney on Microscopical Geology. Albert Hall, Jubilee Concert by Sir Julius Benedict, 2 p.m.	

OBITUARY.

SIR W. BROWN.

Sir William Brown, C.B., died at Hillside, Parkstone, in the county of Dorset, on the 19th inst., aged seventy-one. He was son of the late Mr. Richard Brown, formerly Chief Examiner of Accounts at the War Office, and, entering himself the same department at an early age in 1823, became Assistant Accountant-General in 1857 and Accountant-General in 1863. In that year he was made C.B., and in 1870, when he retired from office, received the honour of knighthood. He married, Aug. 14, 1851, Cornelia Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Tindal, of the Prebendal House, Aylesbury.

THE DOWAGER LADY CHESHAM.

Henrietta Frances, Dowager Lady Chesham, died on the 21st inst., at 17, Grosvenor-street. Her Ladyship was born in February, 1830, the second daughter of the Right Hon. William Saunders Eschricht Lascelles (third son of Henry, second Earl of Harwood), by Lady Caroline, his wife, eldest daughter of George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, K.G.; and was married, in 1849, to William George Cavendish, afterwards second Lord Chesham, by whom she had issue four sons, of whom the eldest, Charles Compton William, is present Lord Chesham, and three daughters—viz., Georgiana Caroline, Countess of Leicester; Mary Susan Caroline, Lady Lyttelton; and Catherine Caroline, Duchess of Westminster.

LADY DUKINFIELD.

Jane, Lady Dukinfield, who died on the 25th inst., was widow of Sir Henry Robert Dukinfield, seventh and last Baronet of his family, and daughter of Sir James Craufurd, second Baronet. She was born in 1795; and, as a young lady of twenty, was present at the Ball, at Brussels, given by the Duchess of Richmond on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. She saw the officers called away, and witnessed the subsequent departure of the troops. She was on the ramparts throughout the day of battle, and saw the wounded brought in. Her eldest brother was killed at the head of his company. Her first marriage, in 1823, was to General Christopher Chowne, who died in 1831; and her second, in 1836, to the Rev. Sir Henry R. Dukinfield, Bart., Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Alexander Seton, of Preston, Lincathgowshire, J.P. and D.L., on the 17th inst., aged seventy-seven.

John Mure, M.D., Inspector-General of Hospitals (retired), formerly in the 7th Royal Fusiliers and 72nd Highlanders, on the 16th inst.

Mr. Robert Sellar, of Huntley, Aberdeenshire, J.P., the well-known implement maker and inventor of the Sellar plough, aged sixty-three.

Mr. Frederick Peel Round, Gentleman Usher of the Green Rod, which post he had held for forty-two years, at Pau, on the 18th inst., in his sixty-sixth year.

Mr. Thomas Thorpe de Lasaux, of Canterbury, the oldest Coroner in England, having held that office for East Kent for sixty-four years, on the 22nd inst., in his eighty-seventh year.

Mr. Alfred Austin, C.B. Secretary to H.M.S. Office of Works 1851 to 1863, and previously one of the Assistant Poor Law Commissioners, on the 19th inst., in his seventy-ninth year. He was made C.B. in 1868.

Lieutenant-General Francis Henry Scott, Madras Staff Corps, and formerly 8th Madras Cavalry, on the 22nd inst., aged sixty-six; entered the Army in 1831, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1881.

The Hon. Mrs. Gore, widow of the Hon. and Rev. Annesley H. Gore, and younger daughter of the late General and Lady Susan Reeve, of Leadenham House, Lincolnshire, at her residence in South Audley-street, on the 21st inst.

Admiral Frederick Henry Hastings Glasbe, C.B., at Billacombe, near Plymouth, on the 25th inst. He entered the Navy in 1818, served in the *Burmese* war in 1825, in the *China* war in 1841-2, in *Scinde* in 1843, and in the *Baltic* during the Russian war in 1854-5.

Major William Edward Hilliard, of Cowley House, Middlesex, late Major 7th Administrative Battalion Middlesex R.V., Lord of the Manor of Cowley Peachey, and patron of two livings, barrister-at-law, suddenly, at his residence, near Uxbridge, on the 20th inst., aged sixty-one.

The Rev. John MacNaughten, of Belfast, at his residence, Glenlyon, Holywood, on the 27th inst.; in his younger years he was a minister in Paisley, and he took a prominent part in the controversy in Scotland that ended in the Disruption, and ultimately joined with Dr. Chalmers and others in founding the Free Church, a little more than thirty years ago.

It is stated that the Master of the Rolls has appointed Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P., to succeed Mr. Rawdon Browne, as Official Examiner of the Records and Archives at Venice.

Mr. P. L. Simmonds has been appointed British Commissioner for the Antwerp International Exhibition, to be held next year under the patronage of the King of the Belgians. The offices of the Commission are at 35, Queen Victoria-street.

The annual meeting of the Corporation of the Royal Naval School, New-cross, was held on the 22nd inst. Admiral the Hon. Arthur Duncombe, who was in the chair, announced his intention of resigning the presidency of the institution, stating that he could no longer devote the needful time to its duties. A vote of thanks for his services was passed.

An exhibition, the first of its kind, of works in wood, was opened on the 23rd inst., at the magnificent new hall of the Carpenters' Company, Throgmorton-avenue, by the Lord Mayor. The majority of the exhibits are from the hands of working carpenters, and include some beautiful specimens of carving in architectural designs, foliage, and human figures. An address was read to the Lord Mayor, in which it was stated that there were 140 private exhibitors, but that the number of private exhibits exceeded 500.

Last week 2627 births and 1427 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 34, while the deaths were 114 below, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 17 deaths from smallpox, 81 from measles, 25 from scarlet fever, 19 from diphtheria, 92 from whooping-cough, 17 from dysentery, and 2 from simple cholera. Although the fatal cases of smallpox were fewer last week, the number of smallpox patients in the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board were on Saturday last 924.

A change in the denomination and cost of postal orders will come into operation next Monday, June 2. Under the new system a person will be able, by means of not more than two orders, to transmit any sum of shillings and sixpences up to one pound; while, by the use of not more than five penny stamps affixed to the back of the order, any broken amount may be made up. The following are the denominations under the reduced tariff:—1s., halfpenny; 1s. 6d., halfpenny; 2s., one penny; 2s. 6d., one penny; 3s., one penny; 3s. 6d., one penny; 4s., one penny; 4s. 6d., one penny; 5s., one penny; 7s. 6d., one penny; 10s., one penny; 10s. 6d., one penny; 15s., one and halfpenny; 20s., one and halfpenny.



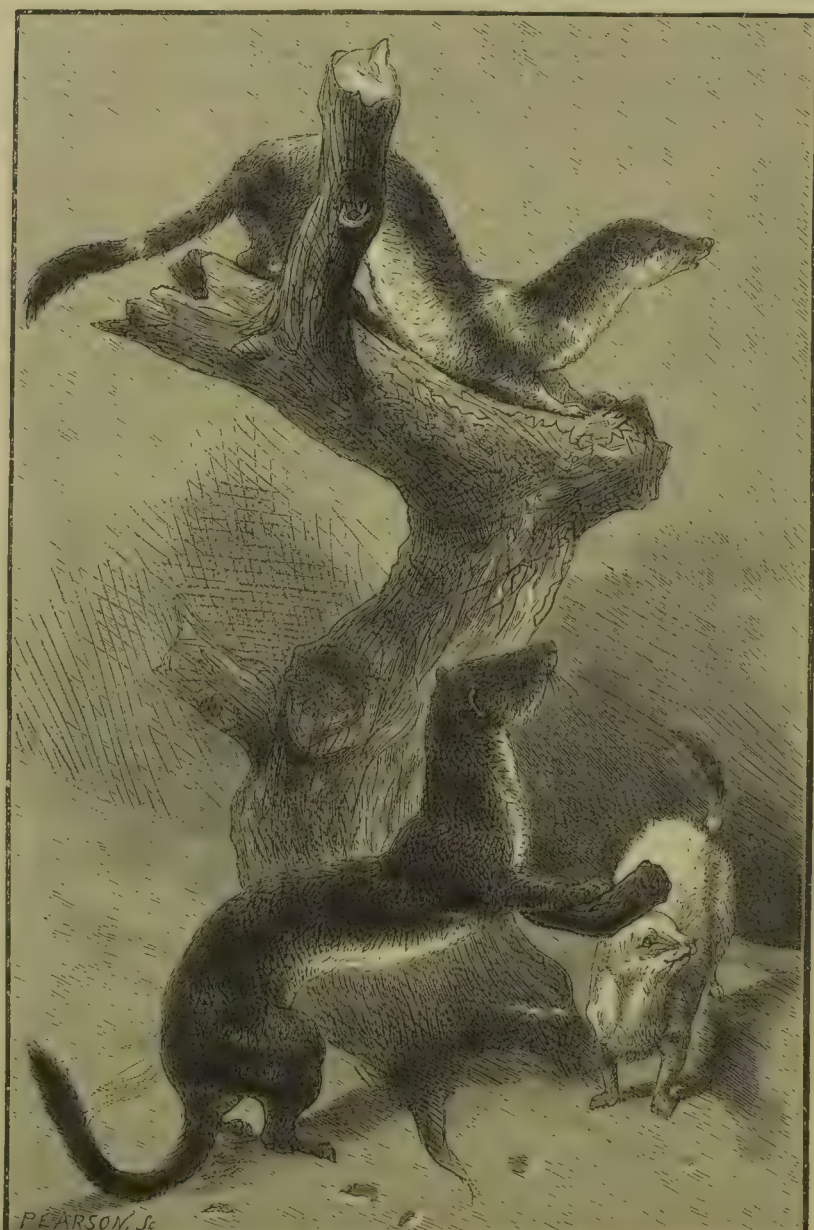
JUNGLE FOWL.



HUMMING-BIRDS FROM THE GOULD COLLECTION.



THE ANACONDA.



STOATS, SHOWING CHANGE OF FUR.



1. The Stone Quarries.

2. Portland.

3. From India to Portland.

4. Convicts at Work.

SKETCHES AT PORTLAND CONVICT PRISON.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Fresh distrust has prevailed in American securities, and this is not so much because there is any feeling that further failures may ensue as on account of the frauds which have transpired as to some persons, and of the speculative habits of many officials which are now disclosed. These circumstances give an air of suspicion and insecurity to most classes of transatlantic investments. No one will suffer from this so much as American holders, and on no one could the burden so justly fall. The important purchases made here during the height of the first phase of the crisis remain good purchases in the opinion of most judges, but investors have received a fresh shock, and now little interest is evinced. Time will alone allay the distrust now prevalent, and those who hold American securities must wait with what grace they can, for it is little use striving against the present conditions. So far, the only casualty resulting from this crisis to English holders is the proposed deferment of the interest due in June on Erie Second Mortgage Bonds.

The Stock Markets are in other respects also more or less desponding. Egyptian bonds are once more suffering from the course of public affairs in that country. It is not that the bondholders shrink from whatever further sacrifice the British Government may think necessary to recommend, but they do fear very much the consequences of every indication that Egypt is to be allowed to fall back into Egyptian hands, or is to be under the control of other than British officials. Just now the circumstances attending the return of Mr. Clifford Lloyd revive the worst apprehensions, and the market is correspondingly depressed.

But, whatever happens to Egypt and Egyptian bondholders, the shareholders of the Suez Canal do nothing but thrive. At the annual meeting, to be held on June 16, the dividend on the ordinary shares is to be made up to 88.60f. per share of 500f. This compares with 81.20f. for 1882, 68.80f. for 1881,

46.88f. for 1880, and 29.89f. for 1879. The coming meeting will, in many respects, be an important one, and M. De Lessops seems to have taken care that on this occasion the shareholders shall be fully inspired with his views and reasons before coming to the meeting.

Another Egyptian event in its way is the determination of the Directors of the Commercial Bank of Alexandria, Limited, to put the company into voluntary liquidation. This enterprise was established in 1872 to take part in the highly profitable financing then to be done with the Egyptian Treasury. Manchester men interested themselves to a particular extent in the company. A capital of £800,000 in shares of £10 was subscribed and paid up. The first dividend was 12 per cent, and the second and third were each 15. That brought the company to the end of 1875, and in 1876 the floating debt of the Egyptian Government was funded, and the old usurious order of things financial passed away. About one half of the company's capital was when that occurred locked up in treasury bonds, so that not only had the most profitable class of business come to an end, but the working power of the company was to a large extent locked up. Under these circumstances it was decided to reconstruct the company; £2 per share was repaid in cash, £3 per share was given in the shares of the new company, and the Egyptian stock received in return for the treasury bills was distributed amongst the shareholders. With a paid-up capital of £240,000 the new company, now known as the Commercial Bank of Alexandria, Limited, sought to do a commercial business in Egypt. For several years dividends of 7½ per cent were paid, but of late the rate has been 5. Possibly even that inadequate return has come to be doubtful, and hence the decision to withdraw from business. The shares, £3 paid, are quoted 2½.

Colonel T. Phillips, late of the 18th Hussars, has been appointed Commandant of the York Regimental District.

PORTLAND CONVICT PRISON.

The situation of the prison and stone-quarries on the Portland promontory, near Weymouth, occupied by about 1600 criminals undergoing sentences of penal servitude, has been described in preceding Numbers of this Journal. We now present some additional Illustrations, showing some of them at work, hewing, dressing, adjusting, and hauling the blocks of stone, under guard of warders armed with rifles; and the scene at the entrance to the works, delivering the stone for removal, by trucks on the railway, to be shipped at the pier, and to be conveyed to Portsmouth Dockyard, or wherever it is required for Government buildings. A detachment of soldiers of the garrison marching through the village street, and a lonely sentinel, who has recently exchanged the sultry atmosphere of India for the cool sea-breezes of his post here on the brow of the cliff overlooking the British Channel, are represented in the two smaller Sketches. The internal regulations and discipline of this establishment were set forth in our preceding accounts, and it was observed that the prisoners, working constantly in the open air, and being sufficiently fed, with as much rest as they need, enjoy remarkably good health, the annual rate of mortality being only seven and a half in a thousand. Their behaviour, in general, is orderly and obedient, and in the evenings they receive school instruction, or are allowed books to read. The value of their labour is estimated, for each man, at two shillings and fivepence a day.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the Texan, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in April.

Mr. William James Ingram was on Monday unanimously accepted as a Liberal candidate for the borough of Boston. The same day Mr. Edward Ind was chosen second Conservative candidate for Ipswich; and Mr. C. M. Warrington, Q.C., as a Liberal candidate for Monmouthshire.

THE OAKS.

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ANYONE whose duties require them to undergo mental or unnatural excitement or strain should use

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

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on MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1884, at Three pm, the Right Hon.

the LORD MAYOR, M.P. in the Chair. Several Noblemen and

Gentlemen have kindly consented to attend in furtherance of

the object in view. A programme of the proceedings will be

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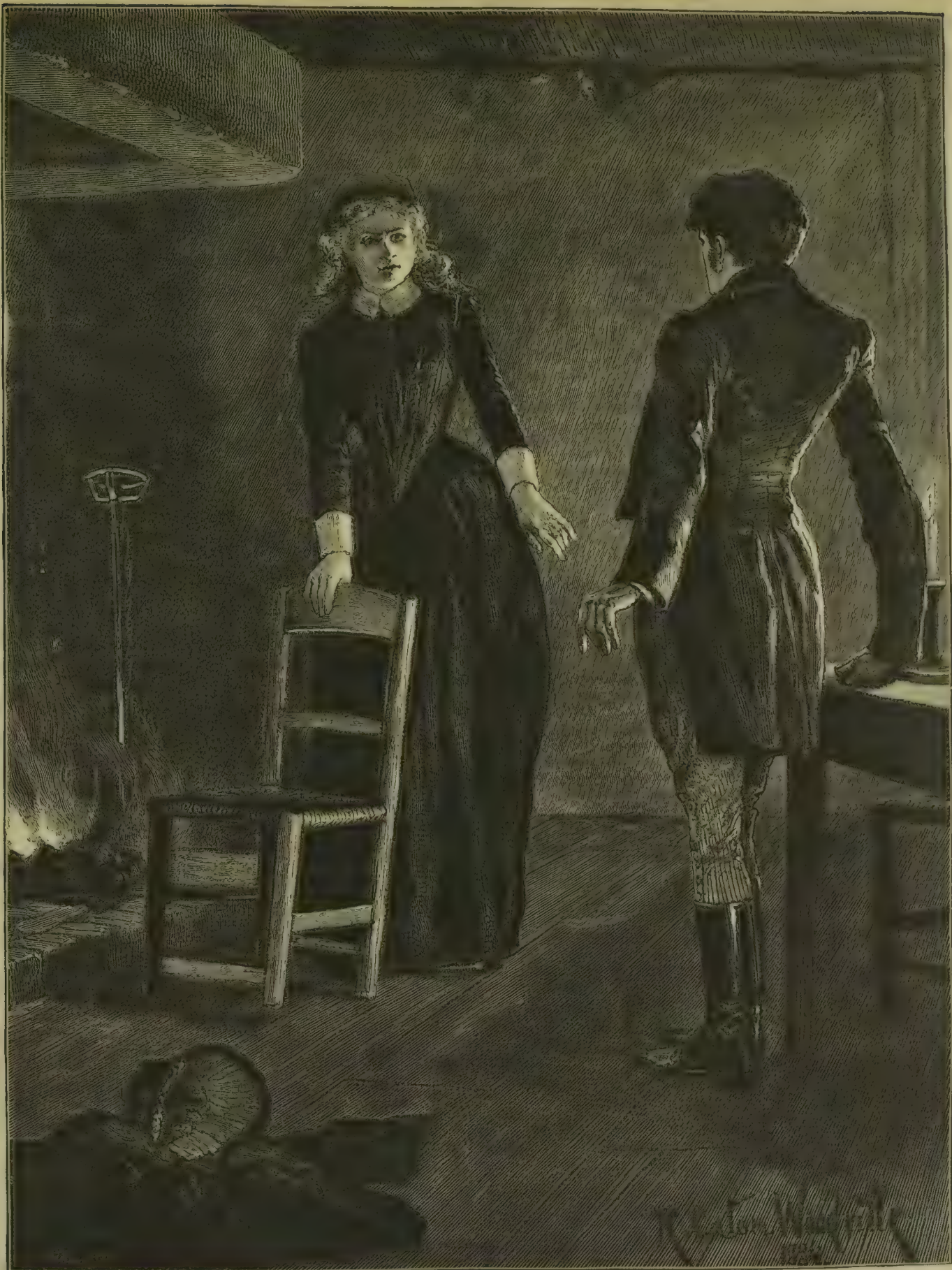
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CHAPTER XLIII.

GORMAN strode to the fire and replenished it with a lavish supply of turf from a creel close at hand. Then he stood for a time utterly still, his head bent forward against the rude black mantel-shelf.

After that pause, which seemed to his companion endless, he drew a long, deep breath, and returned to the table with such a changed, set expression on his face that he looked like a different person.

He had previously re-lit the candle, and the girl could see every feature in the countenance which had once so stirred her young fancy.

"If," he began, and even his mellow voice sounded strange in the listener's ears, "to love a woman and tell her so is to insult her, you are right, and I have insulted you. In no other way is your accusation true. Will you not sit down? I want to speak to you in serious earnest," and he placed a chair for Berna, which she rejected.

"Pardon me, then," he went on, "for sitting. I am very,

very tired," and he flung himself on a stool at a little distance from where she stood. "I daresay I am a rough, rude fellow. You have often thought me so" (Ah! had she?). "but I would not wrong you. If, after hearing what I have to say, you still wish to go home, I will take you back. I promise you faithfully. Don't cry, my poor darling"—for Berna, broken down at last, was weeping unrestrainedly. "Were you so much frightened of me as all that comes to? Berna, had you such small trust in a man who would die for you? What! I must not come near you? So be it. Your will is my law." And lifting the heavy shawl, which had fallen to the ground when she covered her face with her hands, he laid it on the table and resumed his seat, and waited till the first vehemence of her sobs was over.

"At my age, it may seem a strange thing to say I never loved anyone till I saw you. It is absolutely true, however. You are my first love; most likely you will be my last. Had I not believed, though, that you cared for me, I would never have persecuted you as I have done. I could have taken 'No' as bravely as any other man. The blow might have been hard, but I should have borne it. All through, however, I have felt that you loved me; you love me at this minute"—

"I do not," she gasped.

"Yes, you do; but you love something else more, and that is, yourself—in other words, your pride. Just as a man may love honour more than a woman, so you love the something which is an integral part of your nature more than a man you would have married had you met him in the rank and surrounded by the circumstances to which he was brought up. That is the difference between us. Do you suppose I should love you more if I saw you blazing with diamonds? In

your plain, sad gown, you have ever seemed to me the fairest of women. Oh!"—and he rose and paced the room—"if you could but love me more than the world and the things of the world, if you could forget I am the son of a farmer, and have to earn my bread, I should count myself richer and happier than any Duke in the land. What single thing is there in this wide world I would not do for you?"

"There is but one thing you can do, and that is, open the door and let me go."

"I have said you shall go if you wish, but you cannot do so till the storm lulls a little. Few men could face such a night, and certainly no woman. You are safe here as if I were your father. Be content, I will take you home the first moment I can if you bid me, and when I have said what I want to say I will leave you in peace."

She pushed the long hair back from her tear-stained face and looked at him.

"Yes, you may trust me," he answered. "Sweet, sweet eyes, that are wet because of my folly, tender mouth that is quivering with sorrow, trembling lips over which no kindly or loving word ever passed for me. Somehow I must have been but a poor, poor lover. A man should never be too much in earnest when a woman is in question—never be too humble, never let her know how completely she owns his heart. Had I loved you less I might have made you love me a little. You are all alike. Oh! forgive me, dear; I scarcely know what I am saying. Your coldness and your pride have wellnigh turned my brain."

"You said you would do anything for me," cried Berna, reproachfully. "Won't you go, Mr. Muir; won't you leave me as you promised?"—



"Yes, if it must be so—out into this howling night. Much you care what becomes of me! If you heard of my death, I believe you would piously thank Heaven."

She said nothing. She had nothing to say.

"Why do you drive me to desperation?" he asked. "Why is it I cannot hate you as I ought? Hard, icy heart! Supposing you have no love to give me, you might spare a little pity. There are women who can make even a refusal mournfully sweet; but you—you—from the moment you knew I was only the son of Hewson Muir, you looked more graciously on a beggar sitting by the wayside than on me."

It was true. She could not controvert his statement; neither could she argue with him, and say she was right.

"But that is not what I wanted to speak about. I meant to talk to you calmly, and I will do so. Till this night I have done you no harm. All the sorrow and hardship and suffering have been mine; but now I tell you fairly, sorrow and hardship and suffering will be yours if you do not marry me. Stop, do not answer yet—please. I cannot tell what demon possessed me to bring you here. If we could stand where we were this morning I would shoot myself rather than place you in the position I have done. But as it has been done, for God's sake marry me. I know what the world will say. Your sex always believe the worst of one another. Marry me, and I will spend my life in trying to make you amends for the evil I have wrought. Marry me, darling, and we will go away, and if you are not happy it will not be for want of my trying to make you so."

She was touched, but not shaken. She had gone over it all before hundreds of times. In the watches of the night her heart had pleaded for her lover, but her sense had decided against him. No matter how frequent the struggle, the result was always the same. She had never given way to her own weakness then, and it was not probable she would give way now. He had certainly advanced no fresh reason likely to influence her; and as for sentiment, that, she told herself, was dead.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "Let me return home."

"But think," he persisted. "How could you bear to know your name was in everyone's mouth. We might be able to keep the matter quiet for a time, but it must leak out eventually."

"I have committed no sin," she answered.

"And I have, I suppose; yet it will be your fair fame that will be sullied."

"Nothing but my own act can ever really do that," she retorted. "What the world chooses to say I must bear; but if I were so false to myself as to marry you I should have to endure the pangs of self-reproach as well as of misery."

"Am I then such a vile wretch that you think it impossible for me to win a woman's love?"

"You could never win mine now," she answered, in a tone of the deepest sadness; "never."

"And you will not let me have even the satisfaction of devoting my life to wiping out the error of this night?"

"No. I should prefer the worst people could say of me to marrying you."

He looked at her in surprise; at last, he felt she was in earnest.

"Well, then, there is nothing more to be done," he said.

"Nothing, except to leave me free to go home."

"You cannot go home while this tempest is raging; but the moment it abates I will take you back. I promise you that on my honour—do not smile so contemptuously—if I have erred I shall repent my error through every day of my future life; and, besides, it was for you. How could any man think so beautiful a casket held only a heart of stone. I will leave you now, if you promise me not to attempt to leave this wretched shelter till I come for you."

She hesitated, and made no reply.

"Then I must remain here," he said. "I cannot have your death at my door. I entreat of you to promise me. If you will not be my wife, every moment I stay here may make matters worse for you hereafter."

"I promise, then," she answered, reluctantly.

"I am going, heart of stone," he said, in accents of the most mournful reproach. "I do not wish that some day you may know from experience the anguish you have caused me. What a cursed fate," he added, passionately, "that out of all the women on earth I should have given my love to you; but it is over. I will trample your memory under foot. I will strive to forget your lovely face. There are women who lead men to destruction, and there are women who drive them to destruction—you are one of the latter; but I won't be destroyed by you. You have spoiled my life so far; but you shall spoil it no longer. Before Heaven, as I stand looking at you now, I do not know whether to curse or to bless you."

She remained for a short while mute, regarding him with a pity which had something curious in its infinite sorrow. At length she spoke—

"May I say something to you?" she asked.

"Say what you choose," he answered, "it will be nothing pleasant."

"No, it is nothing pleasant," she agreed.

"Still say on. I would rather hear you speak in anger than not hear you speak at all."

"You have repeated over and over again to-night that I loved you. Judge how true what I am going to tell you is, when I am not ashamed to say you were right. I loved you once. I do not mean I should ever have married you; but"—

He stretched out his arms towards her, with a passionate gesture, as he cried in rapture, "You will love me again."

"Never. Once love is killed, it can never grow again. The day mine died I knew it was my own ideal I had cared for—not you. Oh! no—no—no—not you."

"Why do you taunt me? After raising me high as Heaven, why do you cast me down into Hell?"

"I am not taunting you. It is the last thing I should think of doing. You have been very cruel to me. A lonely girl, without a human being to rest upon, you persecuted me, as you yourself said just now. You could have left me. I could not go away and leave you. You made my life bitter. You have to-day done me a wrong, the consequence of which you admit I can only faintly foreshadow; but I could forgive you all these things."

"If there were not some one thing you cannot forgive. What is it?" he scoffed.

"I will tell you. I called one day, by appointment, to see a lady who lives on the Ormeau-road. She was out, but had left a message, and the servant, showing me up stairs, asked me to wait for her. Almost opposite was a little roadside public-house, at which a car drew up. You and a girl, and I suppose her brother, got off, and went into the public-house."

"I should like to hear the end of your story," said Gorman, defiantly, as she paused. "That is not the finish, I conclude."

"No; that is not the finish. After a time you all came out again; the girl—oh, she was so young and so pretty!—flushed and excited. She had lovely light brown hair—I do not think she could have been more than sixteen—and after you were seated she put her arm round your neck and laid her head on your shoulder. Her bonnet was tumbling off, and I

her brother knocked it on with a loud laugh; and you—you laughed, and the driver laughed too; and then the car drove off; and I—I—I then knew you were not what you had seemed to me—what I had fancied you were."

A dull red wave of crimson blood surged up into Gorman's face, and stayed there. He could not speak; he could not even look at Berna.

"I cried that night such tears as had never fallen from my eyes since the morning my father died," went on the girl. "I thought I never could forget the shame of having been told by a man like yourself that he loved me—me!—and I was so sorry for that poor young thing—her face and her loose brown hair still haunt me in my dreams."

"Stop," said Gorman, hoarsely; "she is not one fit for you to speak of, and—without adding another word—he opened the door and passing out, stood bareheaded in the darkness, with the rain beating, and the spray whirling, and the wind shrieking—a man whose own acts condemned him."

Passing round the cabin he entered a rude shed, in one corner of which a horse was tied up—in another corner two men lay stretched on some straw, both of whom stirred as Gorman came in and securely fastened the latch. A lantern hanging upon a nail shed a weird light over the scene. Without speaking a word, Gorman turned a creel bottom-upwards and sat down upon it, his face set, his head bent, his hands loosely clasped between his knees. At last one of the men got up and approached him—

"How does she take it, Sorr?" he asked.

"What business is that of yours?"

"Faith! I'm thinking it'll maybe turn out the business of all of us."

"Hold your tongue," commanded Gorman.

With a growl Sniff might have envied Doey returned to his lair, while he watched his master through cunning, half-closed eyes.

"I hope he mayn't have murdered the girl," he thought; "there's a power of evil in thon face."

The long, long night wore on, and still Gorman never moved, save now and again to open the door and look at the sky, still black as ink, across which the storm fiends were riding amid a deluge of rain. Over the rocks close at hand the sea was spending its fury; the mad roar and din of the billows sounded awful in so lonely a place, amid the terrible desolation and murky darkness. For ever that night stood out in Gorman's memory—a night without a star of hope or ray of promise! Towards morning the wind dropped a little. Day dawned with sullen reluctance, as though loth to commence its work. The tide had ebbed so far it was almost at its turn, and the sea-horses, with their wild, white manes, were rushing out into mid-channel. The rain was still pouring down in torrents, yet even that seemed to be slackening. The expanse of tossing billows and sad seashore was depressing to a degree; there was no sun to cheer and lighten the green slopes of Down. Not a living creature—man, child, dog, or bird—was to be seen, save Gorman himself. It might have been the last day of the world, and Gorman the last human being in it, as he stood looking seaward over the grey lough where the waves were madly chasing each other, thinking of his wrecked life, of the wild sin he had attempted, but which he was not snipper enough to carry through to its bitter end. Behind him lay first a stretch of soft green turf soaked and soddened with wet, and then some rising ground covered with emerald grass, which, when once wild flowers begin to spring, is dotted with stars and bells in unimaginable variety. There thyme yields its perfumes to each wandering breeze—there the heather and the gorse, and lovely weeds, and tiny strawberries, and trailing blackberry runners grow all together in exquisite disorder and tangled beauty.

The picturesque cabin no longer faces the sea; it alone has vanished, all else remains the same. In fine weather the old castle at Carrickfergus can be seen from the spot where Gorman stood—where the lough widens and merges in the Channel the bold line of the Gobbins is clearly visible; to the left lies the little harbour, where on that morning, now so far away, there rode at safe anchorage the yawl in which Gorman had insanely purposed to carry an unwilling girl to Scotland in order to make her his willing wife. There are still the rocks that have since that awful night been out amid the howling of the tempest and the din of the waves. It all looks fair and peaceful on a fine day in summer. There is a great charm of rest about the sunny slope, a sense of pleasant loneliness delightful to one who has lived pent up in cities; but on that gloomy winter's morning—smarting under the consciousness of loss, aching with remorseful memories of wrong—it seemed to Gorman Muir a spot accursed, a place whence content and happiness had fled, never to return.

Slowly he retraced his steps to the shed, where Doey was making a reluctant toilet by slipping his arms into a heavy pilot-coat.

"Put the horse in," commanded Gorman.

"In where?" asked Peter, astonished.

"Are you a fool? In the car, to be sure."

With a gesture of intense disgust Mr. Doey flung off his over and under coats and proceeded to obey instructions with the muttered commentary that "he hoped he mightn't be the only fool going that morning."

Whilst he was hooking on the traces his master came and stood beside him, regarding the rickety conveyance with a strange abstracted gaze.

"Where am I to take her this time?" asked Doey, referring to the car, not to Berna.

"Nowhere," was the reply.

"Faith, then, and it is a queer notion, harnessing the beast to stand out in this wet, draughty hole. He might as well be in a bog."

"He's not going to stand; but I mean to drive him myself."

Mr. Doey, who was backing the horse, suspended this operation. "Master," he said, in a low whisper, though there was not a soul to hear, "you haven't murdered her, have you?"

Gorman laughed, mirthlessly. "No," he said, "only perhaps because I did not feel tempted."

"Then what call have you for the car, Sorr—what are you going to do with the lady?"

"What is that to you?"

"It may be a heap to me. I've run a serious risk over this business to please you—and it's my right to know now what is in your mind at this minute. If the weather moderates, and I'm not afraid but that it will, the wind is not so contrary but with a bit of tacking we might make Portpatrick easy before dark."

"I don't want to make Portpatrick. I intend to drive Miss Boyle back to the place she was brought from."

"My heavens! Are you mad?" exclaimed Doey. "No, Mr. Gorman, it's no use looking that way at me. I'm as good a man as yourself—though I haven't as much money to play at chuck with. Liberty's as sweet to me as putting a rope round your neck may be to you. I don't know what the sentence is for such a game as we started to play, but it's not long since it was a hanging job; and if you had not told me faithful she should never see Ireland more unless she

saw it as your wife; I would have had nothing to do with the matter."

For answer Gorman only seized the horse's head, and began leading him round to the front door of the cabin.

"Stop a minute, master; if you've done nothing more, you've sworn her, haven't you? Maybe you haven't a testament handy; but there's a bap in my pocket: swear her on that, it's better nor nothing."

"You had better stand clear," advised Gorman, in a tone which meant "Danger."

"At least let me take the reins, Sorr."

Gorman's eyes flashed. "You old scoundrel!" he cried. "Do you think I would trust her with you if there was a convenient quarry anywhere about?"

"I brought her to you safe enough from Ardilaw Hill," retorted Mr. Doey. "Well, well, have your own way of it, and see where it will land you. I wouldn't be standing in your shoes this minute for something. Mind, you must keep me clear; if there is law and justice in the land, you must keep me clear, and I'll expect to be well paid for the distress of my mind, over and above what I was to get any way."

Gorman entered the hut, the bare misery of which the sad morning light brought into full relief. Berna was standing ready; she looked as if she had never sat down all night. The turf fire was now a mere heap of white feathery powder; the bare walls showed long stains of wet; through the blackened rafters the thatch was plainly visible. Gorman glanced remorsefully around. Here was a palace to which he had brought his queen, who answered his greeting with heavy eyes and pale cheeks, but spoke no impatient word, no sentence of reproach.

"How is it to be?" asked Gorman; "am I to take you back?"

She merely inclined her head in reply.

"You have thought it all over?"

"Yes."

"You have been hard upon me in your judgment. Spite of what you saw you might depend that I should prove a most faithful as well as fond husband."

She turned her head aside with a weary gesture as she said, "I will go now, Mr. Muir; I have only waited since dawn because I promised you that I would."

"Oh! Berna—oh! my darling, can I never set the wrong I have done you right?"

She stopped on her way to the door—"Never mind about that," she murmured; "only"—

"Is it sin no more, you mean?" he asked, a little bitterly.

She did not speak, but she looked at him. Through future years full of toil, trouble, and temptation, he carried the memory of that look like a talisman.

If the drive to Groomsport by night had seemed long, the return journey by day appeared endless. The horse was well-nigh spent before they got half way to Craigtanlet. Three times Gorman was forced to descend and lead it up the hill, encouraging the creature with cheery words as well as his sad heart would let him. Once the summit was gained they got on better. Down towards the valley, past Finney's Farm and Ardilaw, where the chimneys were smoking, and the indefatigable Bell already up, the car bowled rapidly—along the muddy lane they splashed and floundered. "If only now," thought Gorman, "we can reach Clear Stream without meeting anyone all may yet be well."

They did not meet a creature. They stopped at the gate. Gorman almost lifted the girl out, and they hurried together through the tiny shrubbery, and across the bridge and into the house, the door of which stood wide open.

Ruth met them in the hall; at the first glance at their worn faces she guessed almost how matters had fallen out. "Don't speak a word, Miss Berna," she whispered; "the mistress came home last night not half an hour after you had gone. They've got a boy down with the smallpox at Mrs. Gray's, and all the arts of man wouldn't have kept your mother in the house once she knew it. She's been going on about you all night like a mad woman; but I have got her to lie down, and made her a cup of tea, and she's asleep now. For any sake, Mr. Muir, don't be stopping here. I wouldn't for untold money she woke and saw you. She's neither to hold nor to bind."

"I am going," said Gorman. "Good-by, Miss Boyle," and he was turning away without another word, when she stretched out her hand to him. "God bless you!" he added, pressing it in both of his, and then Berna and her nurse were alone, looking at each other in silence.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Mrs. Boyle was, indeed, neither to "hold nor to bind." Ruth had in no wise exaggerated that lady's mental condition. Her previous states of ceaseless restlessness and maudlin imbecility might have been described as calmly wise when contrasted with the temper which had entered into possession of a chamber never thoroughly swept and garnished. What with dread of "losing her beauty," rage because Berna had "gone off with a vagabond whose like for wickedness could not be found in the county," and fury because the young man had been so far "left to himself as to take up with a bit of a child"—the widow's ravings were maddening to hear.

"I hope you're satisfied now," she said to her daughter. "You'll be the talk of the town; not a child playing itself in the gutter but will point a dirty finger after you. Oh! dear; was it for this I took the trouble of bringing you up respectable, never letting you hear a word but what was of the best, and setting you an example the Queen's own children, maybe, don't see before them? If there's law, though, in Ireland, I'll be even with that rogue; he's taken this way to be revenged on me because I'd give him nothing to say to him. Here, get out of my way; don't be standing there ma-ma-ing me, I'm sick of such falseness—looking as you could hardly bear the sight of a man coming to speak a pleasant word to me, and then taking the first opportunity of starting off with him, in the dead of the night, too. Fine carryings-on, I'll be bound, there have been here with you and that old hypocrite Ruth; and me so unsuspecting, I never gave a thought to any wrong-doing. Ah! its true enough, still water flows deep. There is no conception of the depth of you. I always did say nobody living would ever be up to the cunning of Ulick Boyle, but you are craftier still."

"Will you let her alone, Mem?" interposed that "old hypocrite" Ruth. "Trouble enough has come upon her through none of her own making; and it would be more fitting if you were trying to comfort her at this minute instead of talking in the wild way you are doing."

"Things have come to a pretty pass, I am sure," exclaimed Mrs. Boyle, "when a lady born comes to be lectured by her own servant. I'll be glad if you'll suit yourself as soon as you can. I only hope you may get another mistress the masterpiece of goodness I have been to you."

"I am beholden to you, Mem, for many and many's the kindness," answered Ruth, "and I have never said a word to the contrary; but I won't stand by and hear the child I nursed accused of doing things it never would have entered into her head to think about. As for leaving you till Miss Berna goes

to Newry, that I won't do. After she is gone, you may get rid of me as soon as you like."

"If anybody had taken their Bible oath," declared Mrs. Boyle, "the day would come when you'd be willing to leave me, I'd have said they had no more sense than a calf, and all know what a foolish, shambling sort of a creature a calf is—but it's well to be seen I am poor now and thought a nobody of among you. Wait a bit, though. Everything has a turn—even the salt sea; and maybe you'll repent yourself in sack-cloth and ashes—sitting among the cinders like Job—when you see me rich and considered—and merry as it's my nature to be, and as I would be if it wasn't for the misery of my life. There never was a truer word said than that misfortunes never come single. I've had enough to break a bank. And as if all my past troubles were not enough, there's this scandal Borna has got herself into, that'll make us the sport of the county."

"If you would only keep it to yourself, mistress, the county need not be one bit the wiser."

"And let the Muirs have the say all their own way? No, thank you, Ruth; that may be your notion, but it's not mine. There is not a living soul but will be told how we've been served—a lone widow and a helpless child. What's that you're saying, Borna? You wish I would not mention that subject? Trust me! You ought to have considered how your sin would find you out before you got into such a scrape. Just lay my bonnet and shawl ready, Ruth. Though I'm hoarse with the cold, I'll lose not even one day before going to see Mr. McCurdy as to how we can pay them out. Oh! and, indeed, it's he's the clever lawyer! A red-hot Orangeman; and yet they say there's nothing he delights in more than getting off a Roman. I don't think it's Christian myself to be willing, even for money, to do a good turn to the Pope's followers—still, Jew or Christian, there's not one like him in the North for knowledge and impudence. What are you wringing your hands for, girl? If you're so fond of Mr. Gorman Muir as all that comes to, you had better go after him again, and stop with him, though it does not seem as if he wanted you."

For once, Borna did speak strongly—but she might as well have spoken to the wind—all in vain she implored, wept, argued—Mrs. Boyle remained resolute.

"If you have no respect for yourself—I have respect for you," declared the widow. "I'm not a child to be taught, and I'll not be instructed by you. I'd just wish you to tell me what I'd say to your father hereafter when he comes up and asks me, 'How did it happen, Millicent (he never was free and familiar like the way some men are), you let them as brought disgrace on my daughter off scot free?' No; I'll do my duty by you, though you haven't done your duty by yourself. Where's there another mother, I wonder, would sacrifice herself to you as I am doing. I'll miss the train if I'm not smart. It's seven years that villain will get, if he gets a day."

"Never heed her, dear," said Ruth, as Mrs. Boyle left the room to array herself for the conquest of Mr. McCurdy and the destruction of Gorman Muir. "There's not an attorney but will tell the mistress the best thing she can do is to go home and keep a quiet tongue in her head. What matter if she does go the round of the lawyers. They're all sworn to secrecy, like the priests; and maybe she'll be content when she understands there is nothing to be done, and nobody to do it."

If ever a man were driven well-nigh to distraction, Mr. McCurdy was that man during the course of his interview with Mrs. Boyle.

During the whole of his legal experience he had never felt so thoroughly mystified. Advice he gave one moment he was forced to retract the next. No kaleidoscope could have shaken up the multiplicity of patterns the widow presented before him. He had a clear head, but it reeled with the mass of unconnected narrative to which he was forced to listen.

"Good heavens!" he cried, at last. "I thought from what you said, to begin with, the girl was a mere child, and now I gather she is getting on for twenty years of age. Your best and wisest plan is to do nothing. It is one of those cases in which 'Least said is soonest mended.' If they like to marry, give them your blessing. I am sure I hope they will be happy. 'All's well that ends well,' you know. Now, you really must excuse me, I have clients to attend to. No; I'm sorry to appear rude to a lady, but I have already given you more than an hour of my time. Ross, show Mrs. Boyle out. Good morning, ma'am; I am truly glad matters are no worse. They might have been, you know."

It was late before Mrs. Boyle returned home, dispirited, cold, faint, wet, miserable. She had during the course of the day received many hard knocks, the worst of all coming from "Tilda Sheill," who said, "there is not a thing wrong with Hughie Gray but chicken pox, only Mrs. Gray didn't know how else to get rid of you civilly. She was in town to-day, and told me so herself," added the candid friend, who had begun to doubt the expediency of going shares with Mrs. Boyle even in a boarding-house for gentlemen.

"And if I was you," went on Miss Sheill, "and had a daughter misbehaved herself, I would not go singing it through the streets like a ballad. You'll only make a laughing stock of yourself. People will be screaming to hear you thought the young man was after you till you found Borna had managed to catch him. You took us all in finely, but not near so well as you took in yourself. You never had much sense, Milly; but I scarce thought you would be so simple as to suppose a young man would make love to an old woman while a young one was near."

This was the cruellest cut of all. Mrs. Boyle held to her guns, but Miss Sheill captured them one by one. She knew the widow's age to an hour, and she had no mercy. When Mrs. Boyle left this companion of her youth she felt that the world was very cruel, and she strangely lonely in it.

"Lay my things past, Borna," she said; "if I never want them again, they'll come in for you. I think I'll go to my bed, Ruth; as everybody remarked to-day, I'd no business to be out with such a cold on me. A drop of hot whey might take this weight off my chest. What's that you're saying, Borna, dear? Wouldn't I like a basin of arrowroot? I would, well, if I could only swallow it; but I couldn't. My heart is in my mouth and there is a lump in my throat as big as an egg. Yes; you may help me to bed if you wish, I've been working for you all day, and this is the end of it."

"I am afraid mamma must be very ill, Ruth," remarked Borna, later on in the same evening. "I don't know when she kissed me of her own free will before."

"She has got a bad cold on her, Miss; she'll be herself again in the morning," answered Ruth, with unconscious irony.

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

J F (Warrnambool).—Many thanks for your letter and the inclosure. We think highly of Mr. Hodgson's problem. The other we fancy we have seen before.

HEREWARD.—Thanks for news. The name of the composer is variously spelt. You are right as to its identity.

SHADFOURTH.—There is a mate in the variation named by 3. Q takes P, which you appear to have overlooked.

G S (Temple).—It has been frequently notified that this column is sent to press a week in advance of publication. It is impossible, therefore, to answer letters in the same week they are received.

F M (Cambridge).—Thanks; the amended position shall be examined.

A B (Stroud Green).—If the number of solvers increased a hundredfold, we should require a special staff to attend to the correspondence. Nevertheless, your suggestion shall be considered.

ALPHA.—It was the defence of 1. Kt to R 4th that caught our fancy. Strange to say, many correspondents have overlooked it, getting all the other variations easily enough.

EMMO (Darlington).—We hope you have satisfied yourself about the correctness of Mr. Townshend's problem by this time.

M W (Camden Town).—Subscriptions to the Blackburne testimonial fund may be sent to Mr. L. Hofer, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

S W (Liverpool).—Accept our cordial thanks. We have addressed you through the post.

A B S (Horncastle).—We have pleasure in complying with your request, and hope to see your efforts crowned with success.

H M P (Paddington).—In our own time, please. There are many problems besides yours awaiting publication in this column.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2082 received from John Flaxman (Warrnambool); of Nos. 2084, 2085, 2086, and 2087, from O H Bate (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2092, from Rev John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.); F Gibbins, George Price, and Q Belton (all of Tiflis, Caucasus); of No. 2093, from R Worters (Canterbury); W Parquhar, A Chapman, Rev J Gaskin (Reims), S Meymott, and Galahad; of No. 2094, from R Worters (Canterbury); S Meymott, Captain Bullock, Henry Frau (Lyons), W Parquhar, Carl Friedleben, Hofstede de Groot, New Forest, Rev J Gaskin (Reims), W F R (Swansea), and Henry Bristol.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2095 received from A Bruin, G Huskinson, R H Brooks, S Farrant, A C Hunt, Dr F St. C. Cox, E Featherstone, G Seymour, Pilgrim, H Lucas, A W Scrutton, J Shearer, W Dewse, S Bullen, L Falcon (Antwerp), Ben Nevis, L Wyman, E E H, C Darragh, Jupiter Junior, J G Anstee, E Casella (Paris), M O'Halloran, H H Noyes, George Joicey, Alpha, W F R (Swansea), John Hue, Joseph Ainsworth, A Wigmore, Hereward, Shadforth, E London, S Lowndes, B R Wool, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, C Oswald, Otto Fulder (Ghent), W Hillier, F Ferris, G S Oldfield, L L Greenaway, Nerina, A M Colborne, T Brandreth, R L Southwell, T G Ware, C W Milson, Captain Bullock, E L G, Henry Bristol, Fand (Howitt (Norwich)), C B N (H.M.S. Asia), D W Kell, Aaron Harper, J A B, James Pilkington, H Blacklock, A M Porter, B L Dyke, G W Law, L Wyman, W J Rodman, T H Holdron, Laura Greaves, and New Forest.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2094.

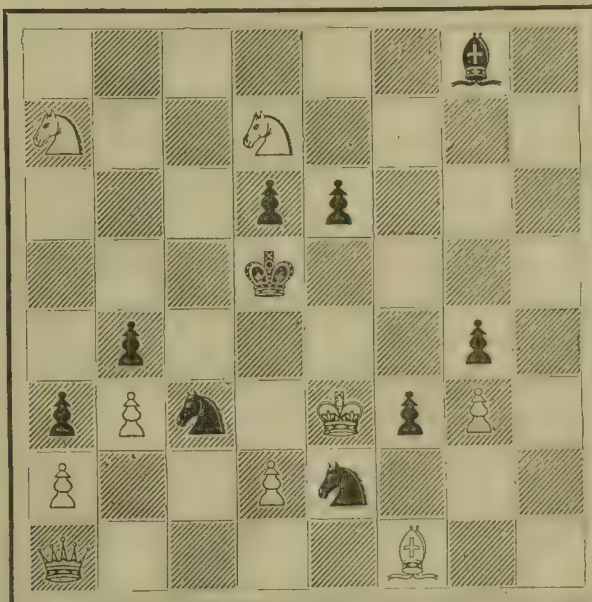
WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to R 4th P to R 7th*
2. Q to Q 4th (ch) K takes Q or moves.
3. B or Q mates accordingly.

* If Black play 1. K to B 6th or 6th, then 2. Q to Kt 3rd (ch); if 1. K to Q 7th, then 2. Q to Q 4th; and if 1. K to K 7th, then 2. Q to Q 4th, mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2097.

By PRINCE LEOPOLD SALM (Anholt, Germany).

BLACK.





ACROSS THE FIELDS.

DRAWN BY G. L. SEYMOUR.



A COUNTRY CHURCH.
DRAWN BY THE LATE S. READ.

A COUNTRY CHURCH.

The pleasant Kentish village of Chislehurst, eleven miles from Charing Cross, will be remembered in the general history of Europe from the death, in January, 1873, of the Emperor Napoleon III., who had inhabited the mansion of Camden Place since his arrival in England when released from captivity at Wilhelmshöhe. But Chislehurst has in former times been the residence of distinguished Englishmen; and Camden Place, which derived its name from the learned antiquary and eminent author in the Elizabethan age, lent that name in 1765 to one of the best of English Judges, Lord Chancellor Pratt, for the title of his peerage then created; a name which has been extended to Camden Town, in the north-west part of London, from estates there owned by his successors. Other historical associations with the times of Queen Elizabeth are found in the connection of Chislehurst with Sir Francis Walsingham, one of her able Ministers of State, and with Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper, father of the more celebrated Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam and St. Albans. The Walsingham family possessed the Lordship of the manor of Chislehurst for several generations. It is now the property of Earl Sydney, whose seat, called Frogmal, is at this place. St. Nicholas' Church, Chislehurst, is the subject of a drawing made some years ago by the late Mr. Samuel Read, who resided at Bromley. It stands near the Common, and was formerly surrounded with trees. It is of the Perpendicular style of architecture, with Early English north wall; the chancel and south aisle are of modern construction, and the spire, having been destroyed by fire, was rebuilt some twenty-five years ago. The interior contains the monuments of Sir Edmund and Sir Thomas Walsingham, and that of Sir Philip Warwick, a notable adherent of Charles I. and Charles II., and

author of historical memoirs of the time, who formerly lived at Frogmal. The tomb of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, who were murdered by their own footman in the house of Camden Place, is in Chislehurst churchyard.

Sir I. W. Bazalgette, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and Lady Bazalgette gave on Thursday a conversation at the South Kensington Museum.

The 3rd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry was presented with new colours at Bodmin, on the 21st inst., by Lady Elizabeth St. Aubyn, the service being performed by the Bishop of Truro. Earl Mount-Edgcumbe, Lord Lieutenant of the county, formerly captain in the regiment, was present.

Towards the fund of £20,000 required for the complete equipment of the new Central Institution of the City and Guilds of London Institute, the Clothworkers' Company have voted £2000, this being additional to their original building grant of £10,000 and their annual subscription of £3000.

A supplement to the *London Gazette* issued last week contains the announcement that the decoration of the Victoria Cross has been conferred upon Captain Arthur Knyvet Wilson, Lieutenant Percival Scrope Marling, Quartermaster-Sergeant William Marshall, and Private Thomas Edwards, for their conspicuous bravery during the operations in the Soudan.

A Roman villa has just been discovered at Woolstone, in the vale of White Horse, Berkshire, and some fine tessellated pavements have been discovered, as also several interments, apparently of the Anglo-Saxon period. The seax, or knife-dagger, is still attached to the girdle of two of the bodies. The excavations have been inspected by the members of the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society and the Newbury District Field Club.

ACROSS THE FIELDS.

The pretty and modest-looking country girl, whom the Artist brings pleasantly into view as she steps slowly through the rough grass and stubble on her way home from church, apparently taking a short cut over some land of her father's farm, wears her finest Sunday hat and is attired with a certain rustic coquetry, but we have no right to suppose that she expects to meet a young gentleman at the gate of the neighbouring Park. There is, indeed, a peculiar tenderness and earnestness of expression in her charming face, which bespeaks a heart touched by feelings that will sooner or later make an impression on youthful womanhood; and the balancing two-handed grasp of her parasol is a symptom of deliberating upon a choice of momentous importance. The secrets of her inner life are not further revealed to us, though more than one of our lady novelists would be capable of taking this single figure, and making it the central subject of an interesting romance which we should wish to see brought to an innocent and happy conclusion. The Artist, at any rate, has done his part both skilfully and agreeably, and the Eng.aving, we hope, will be acceptable to our readers.

Mr. Registrar Hazlitt held a meeting in the Court of Bankruptcy, on the 22nd inst., for the public examination of Mr. Charles Bennet Lawes, the defendant in the well-known libel action of "Belt v. Lawes." The bankrupt applied to pass upon accounts showing liabilities £25,021, and assets £328. In the course of the proceedings it was stated that £5000 had been offered by his father, Sir J. Lawes, in payment of the damages and costs, but that this was refused. The bankrupt passed his public examination.

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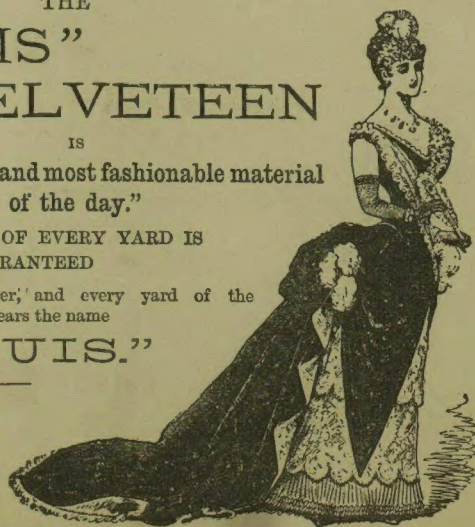
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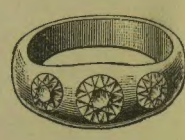
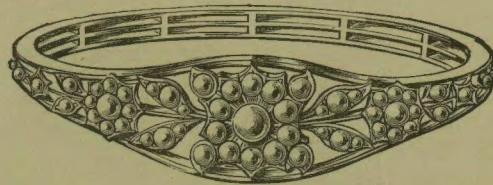


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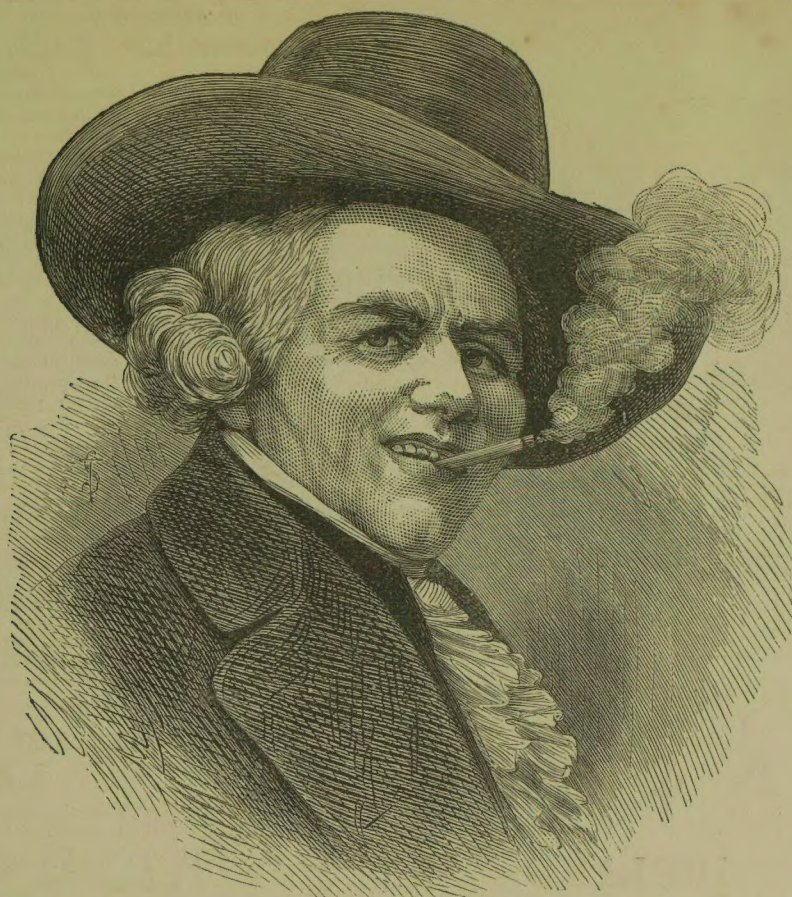
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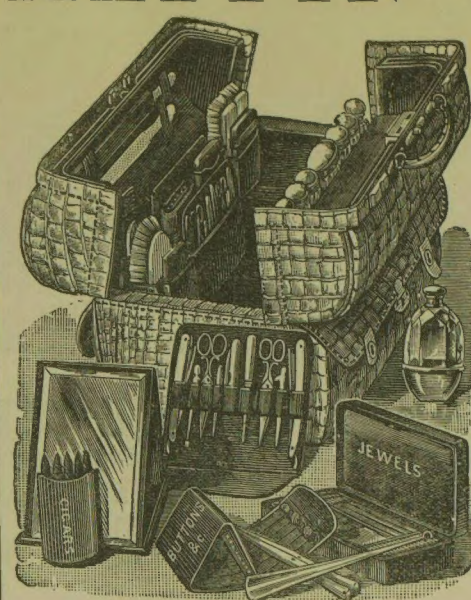
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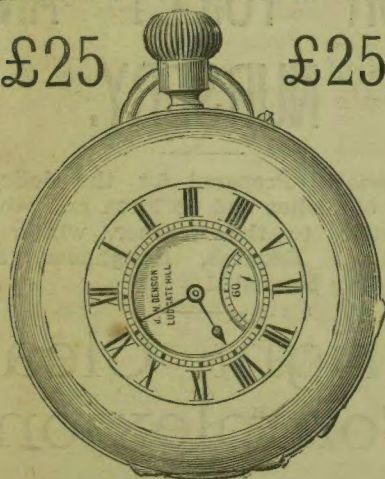
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